

POLICE

COMICS

10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

JULY
No. 68

PLASTIC
MAN
spins a
Web
around
CRIME!



- JACK COLE -



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

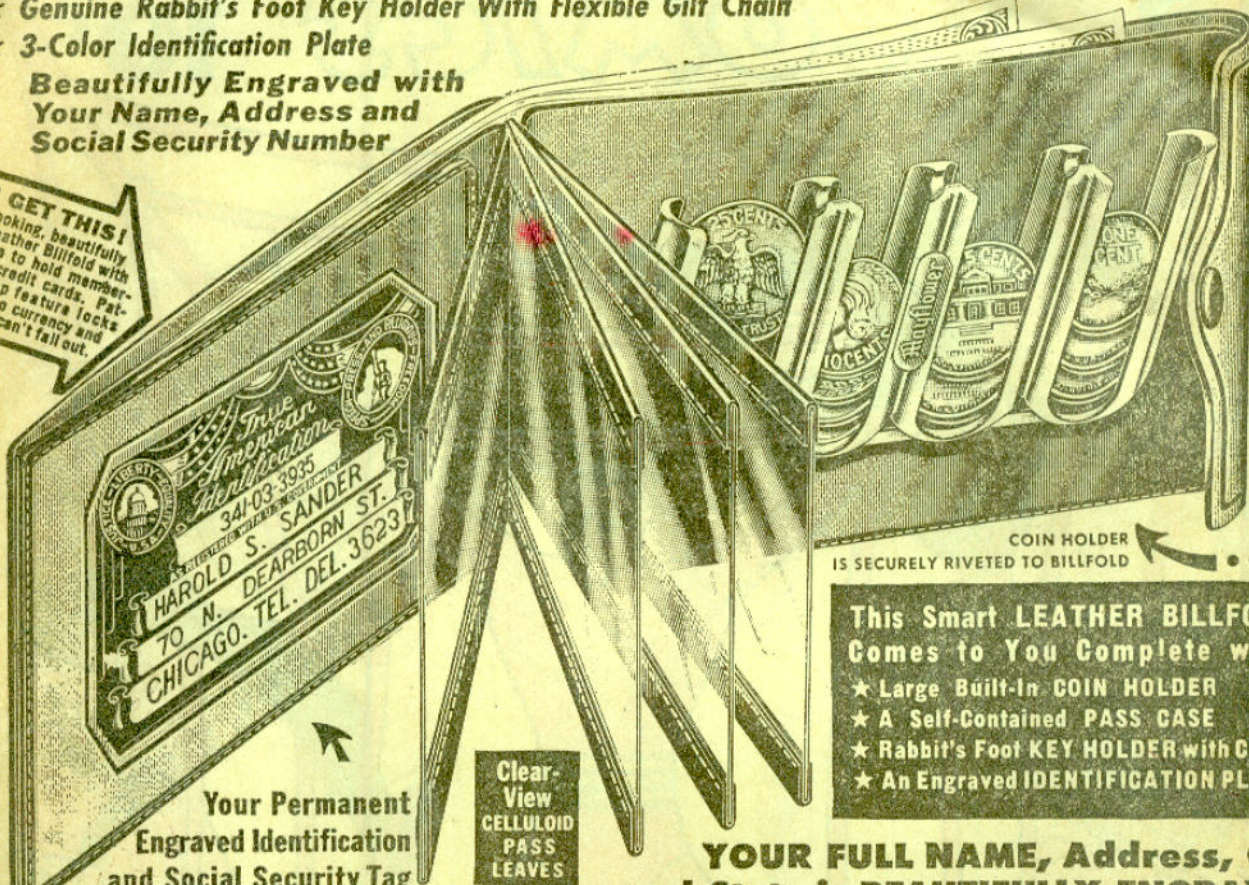
4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$1.98

- ★ This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case
- ★ Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change
- ★ Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain
- ★ 3-Color Identification Plate

Beautifully Engraved with
Your Name, Address and
Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
styled Leather Billfold with
pass case to hold member-
ship and credit cards. Pat-
ented snap feature locks
securely so currency and
valuables can't fall out.



Here's The BUILT-IN COIN HOLDER

Your Permanent
Engraved Identification
and Social Security Tag

Clear-
View
CELLULOID
PASS
LEAVES

COIN HOLDER
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILFOLD

This Smart **LEATHER BILFOLD**
Comes to You Complete with
★ Large Built-In **COIN HOLDER**
★ A Self-Contained **PASS CASE**
★ Rabbit's Foot **KEY HOLDER** with Chain
★ An Engraved **IDENTIFICATION PLATE**

DeLuxe
VALUE

Smart
STYLING

YOU GET THIS!
Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key
Holder with Flexible Gilt
Chain in addition to the
handy Coin Holder which is
securely fastened to the
Billfold as pictured above.



YOU GET THIS!
A beautiful 3-color Emer-
gency Identification Plate
which carries your full name,
address and Social Security
Number. A perfect identi-
fication record for you



NOTE: No C.O.D. Orders to Canada
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
1227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.

**YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City
and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED
on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!**

Here's something new in a billfold. Without a doubt the handiest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Designed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have shopped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary type billfold which holds just currency for less than \$2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only \$1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your billfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything you use regularly, right where you want them. Easy to get at! Handy! Efficient! Durable! The neatest, most complete Billfold you've ever seen. So rush your order today. If after receiving your Billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9407
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Coin Holder, genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$2.37).

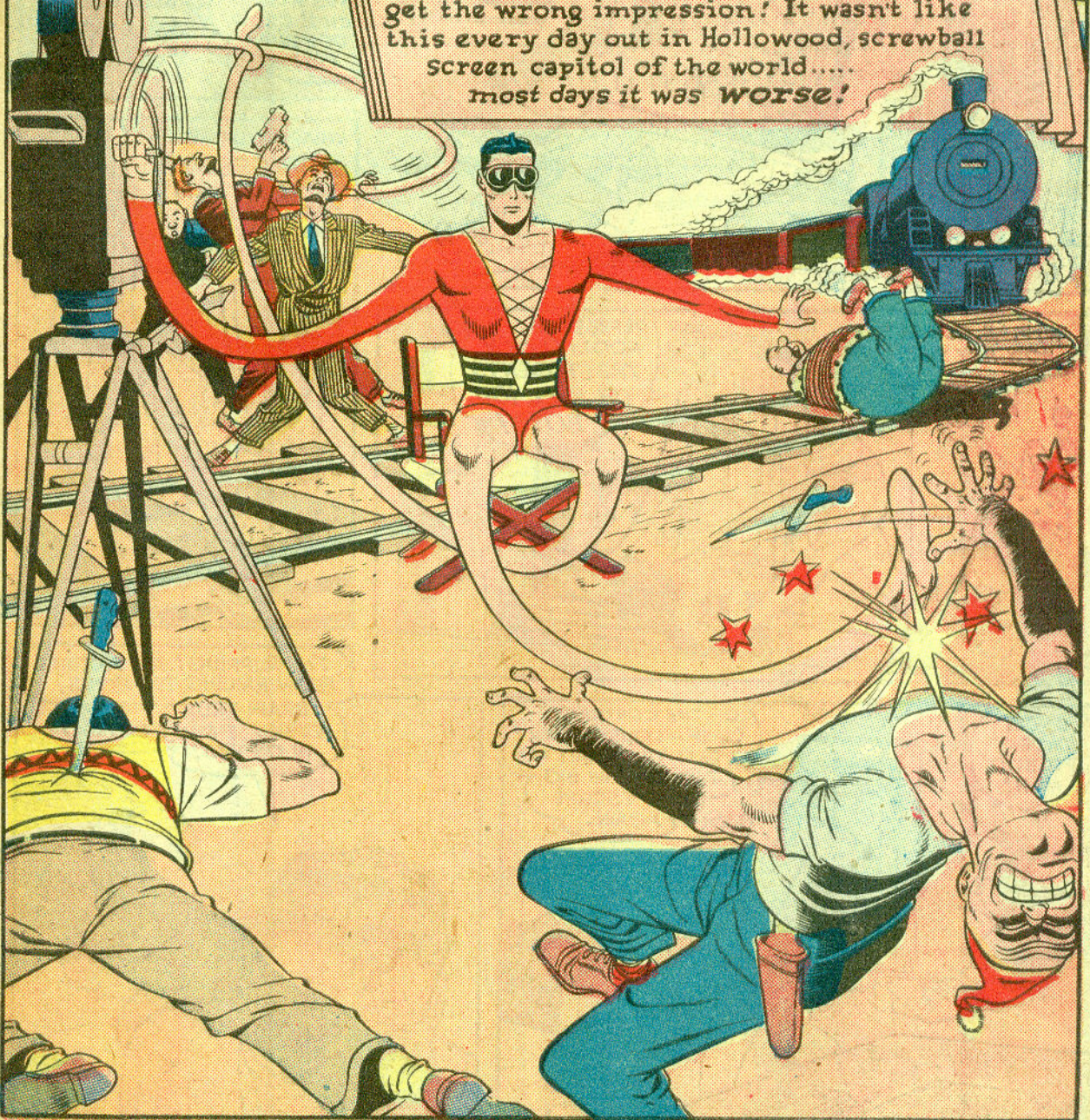
• Social Security No.

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

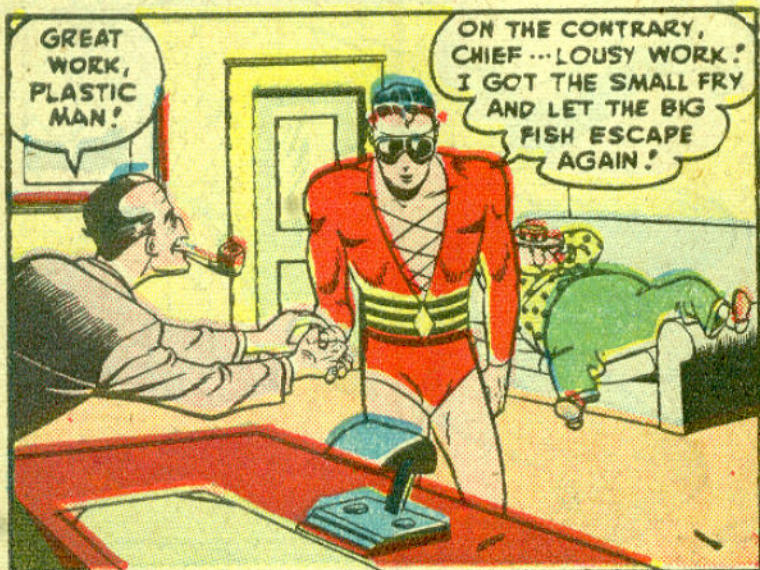
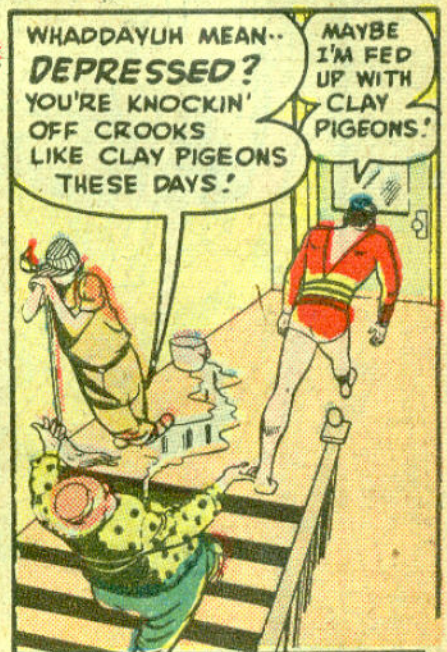
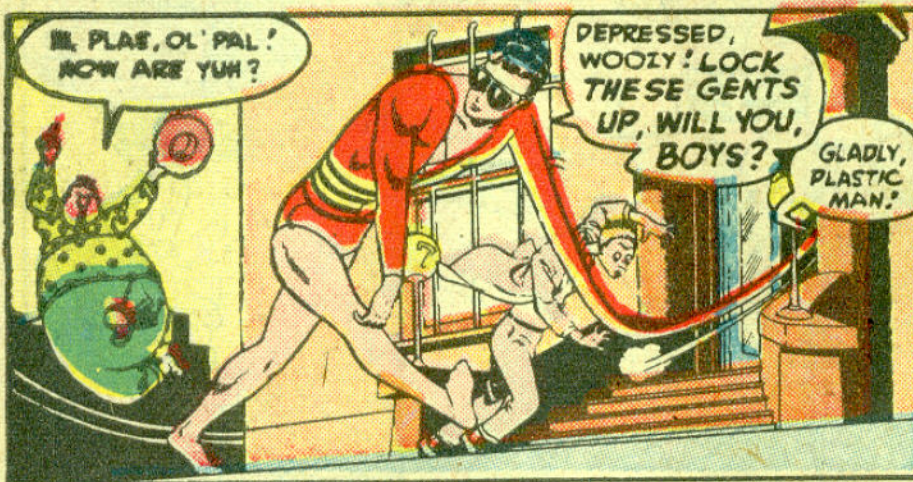
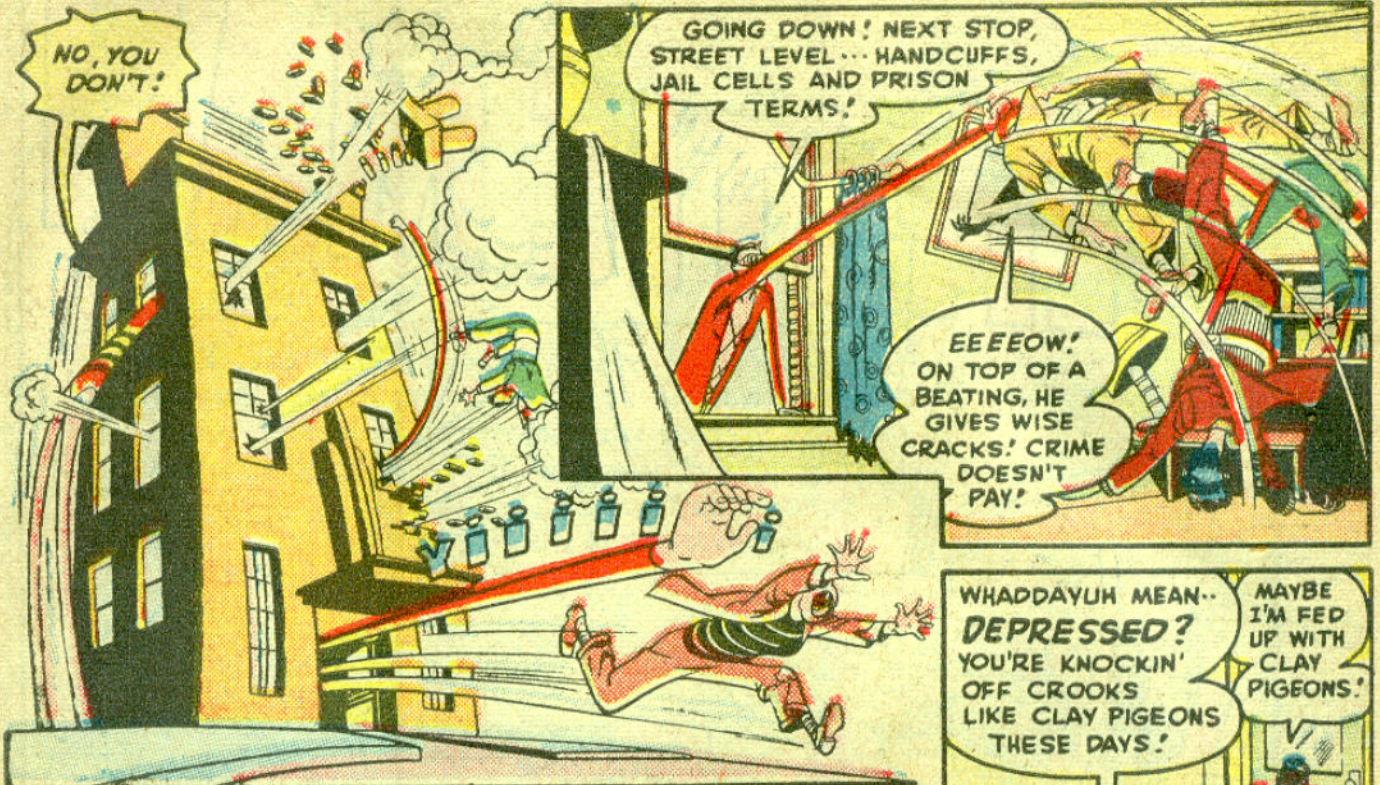
SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PLASTIC MAN

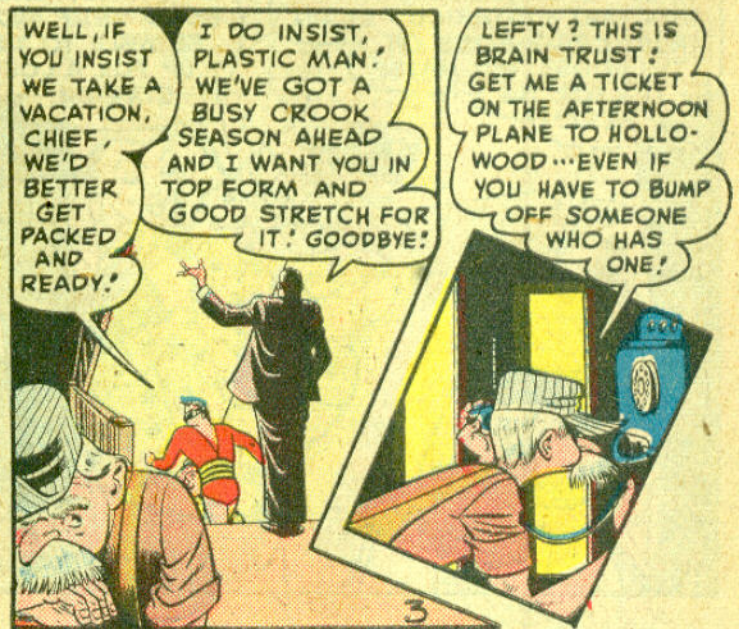
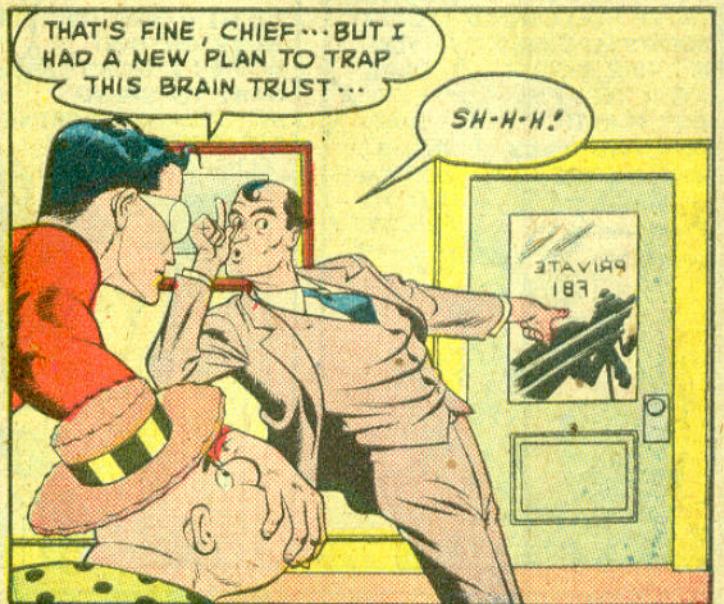
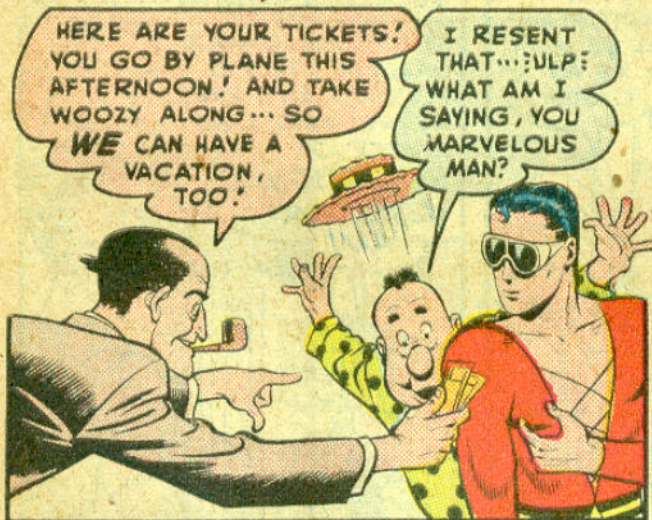
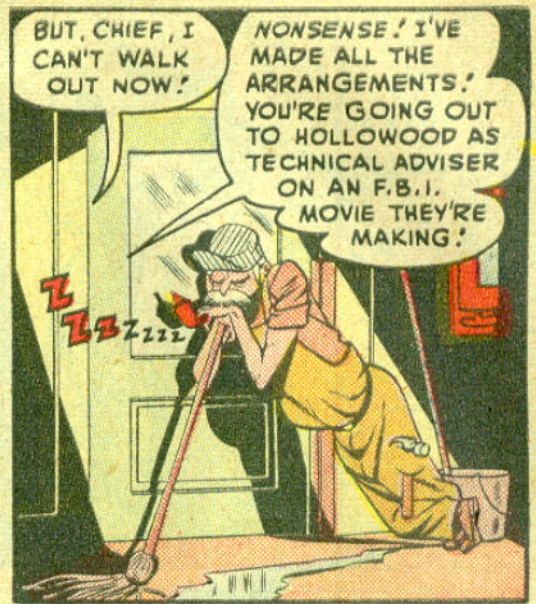
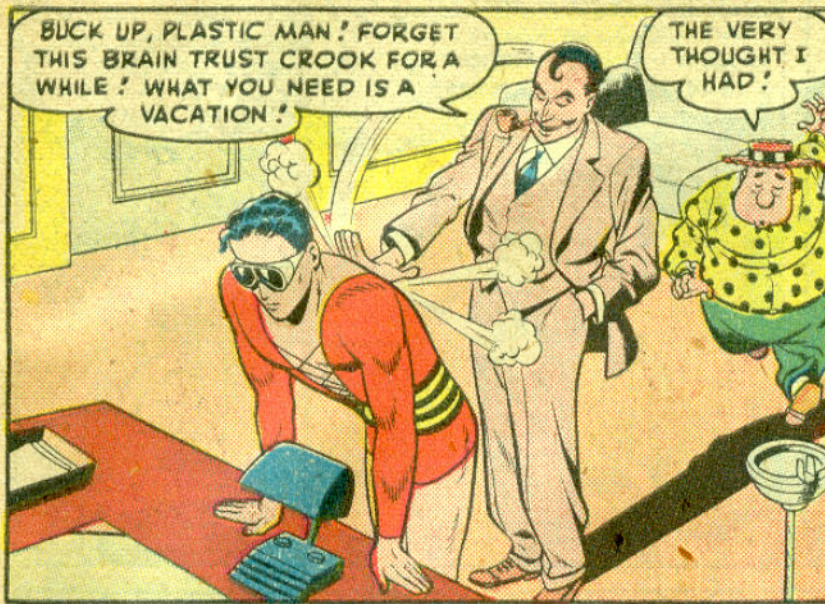
Yes, believe it or not, this is **PLASTIC MAN** enjoying a little rest and relaxation! But don't get the wrong impression! It wasn't like this every day out in Hollowood, screwball screen capitol of the world.... most days it was *worse!*

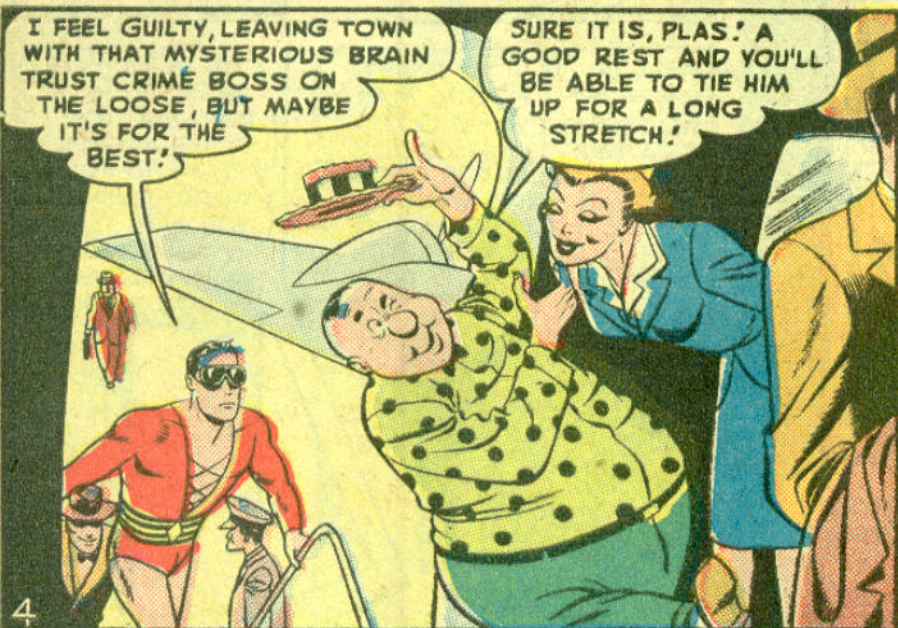
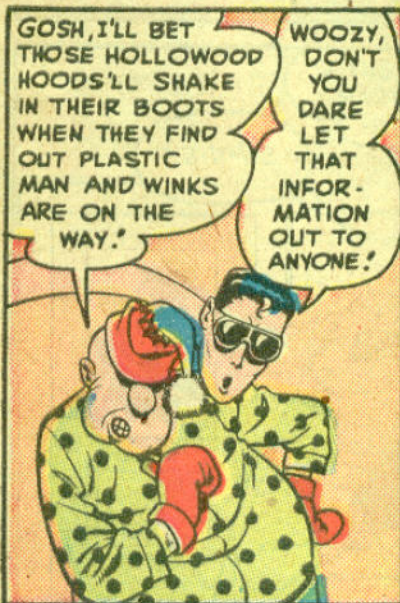
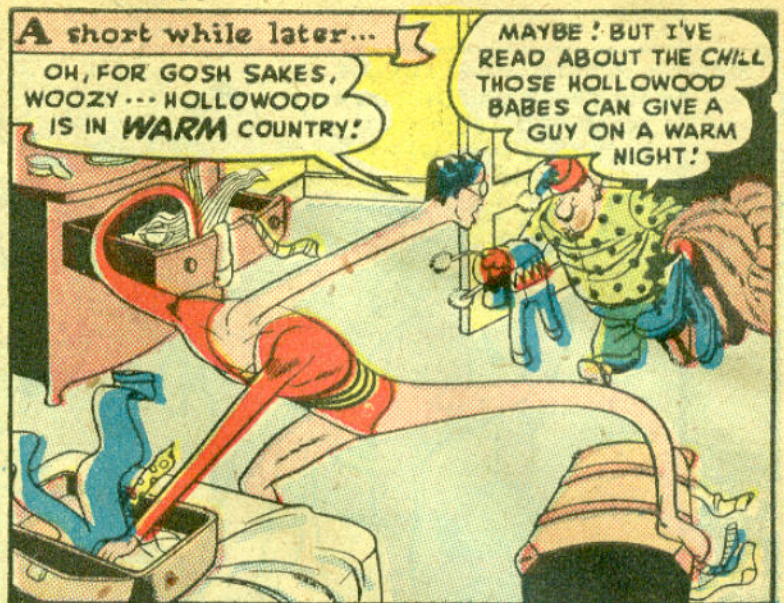


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A few hours later

ANH! ISN'T THIS WARM CLIMATE WONDERFUL, WOOLZY? SO QUIET AND RESTFUL AND RELAXING!

LOOK OUT!

MISSED!
@###!!
?!*!

DOWN, WOOLZY!

PLASSS!
HALP!

I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

YIII!

BOOM!

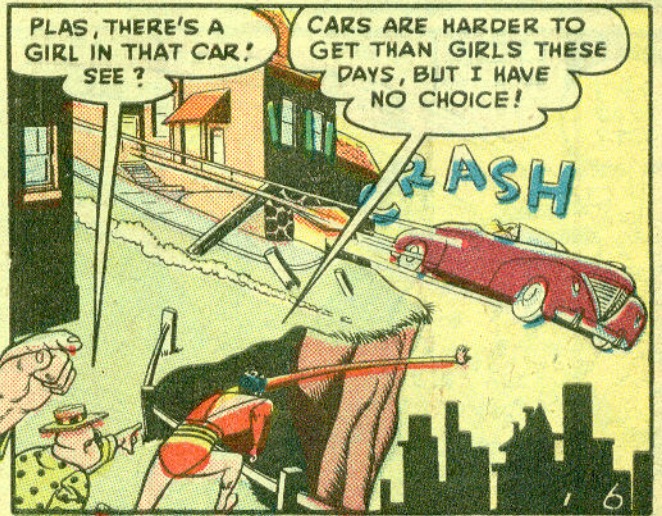
WHEW!
I'M GLAD THERE WERE NO PLANES PASSING!

AM I DEAD YET?

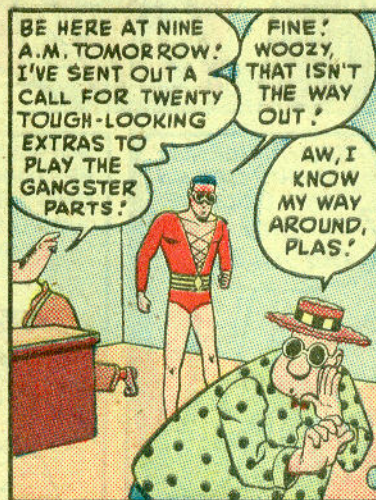
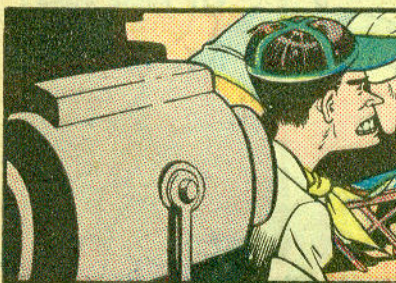
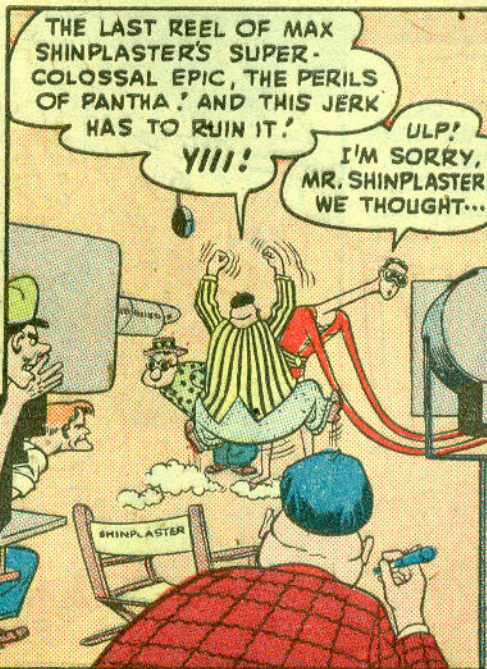
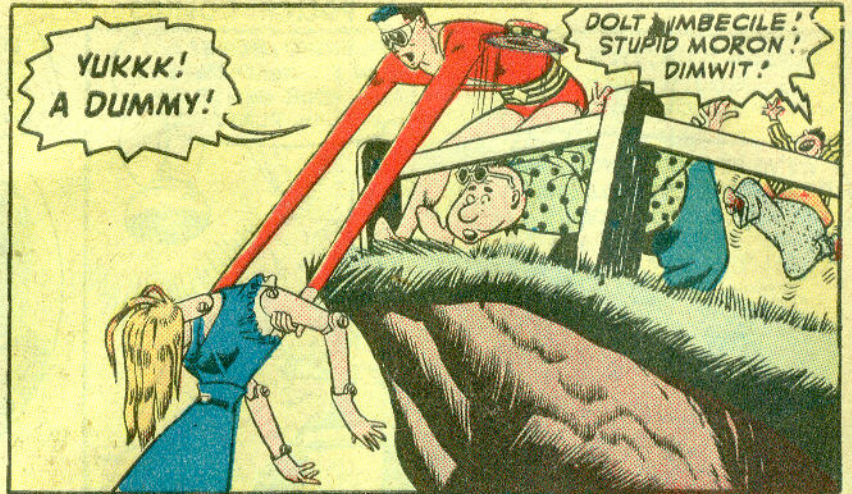
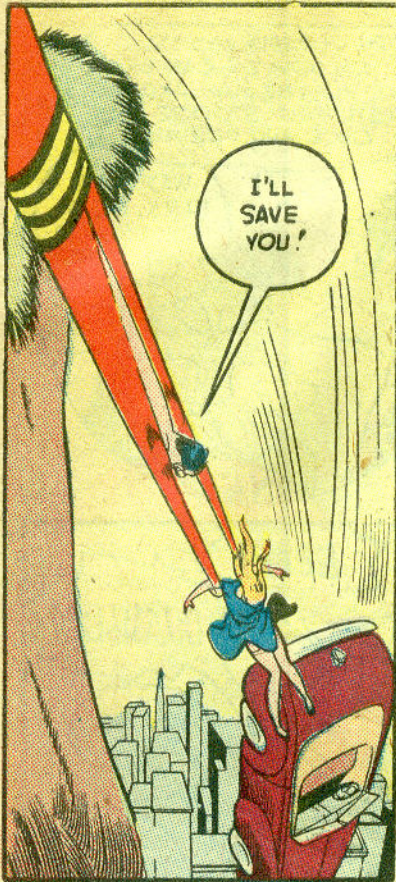
NO! BUT YOU WILL BE IF THAT BOMB GOES OFF HERE!

YOU SAID THIS WAS A WARM CLIMATE AND YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, PLAS!

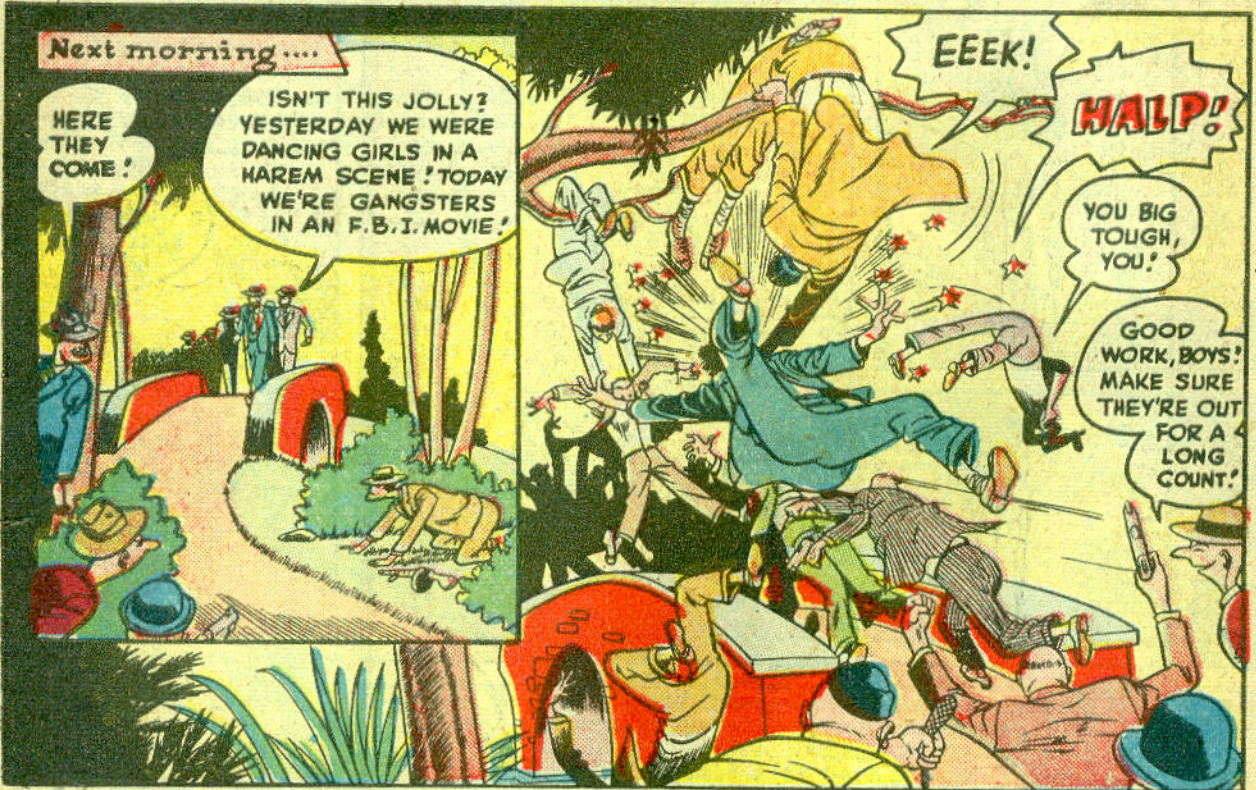
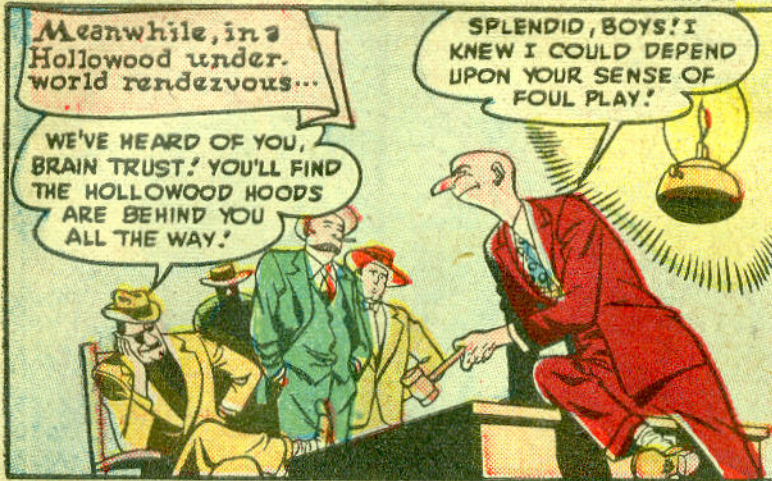
POLICE COMICS



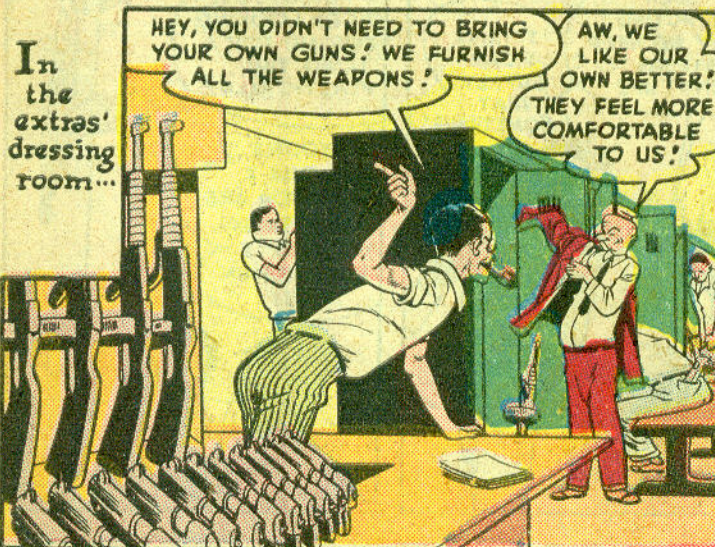
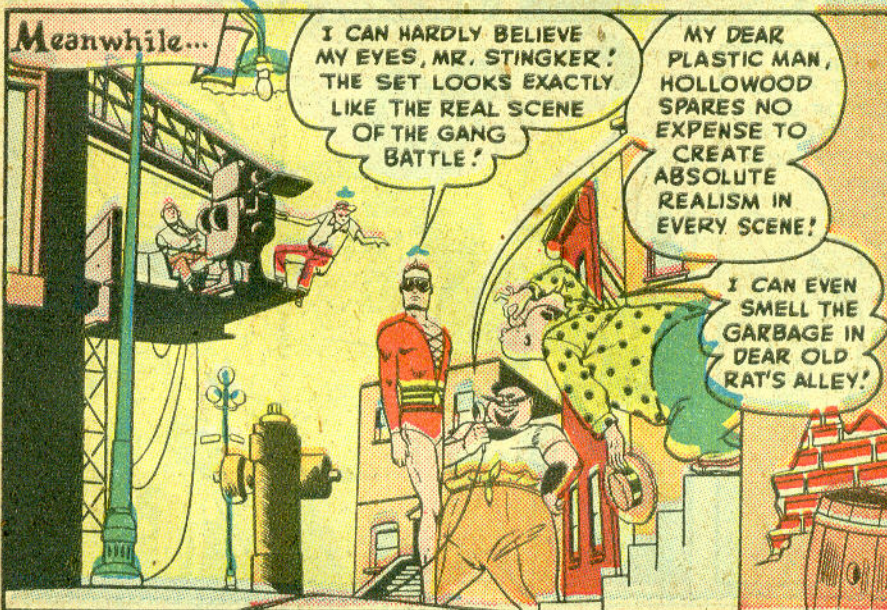
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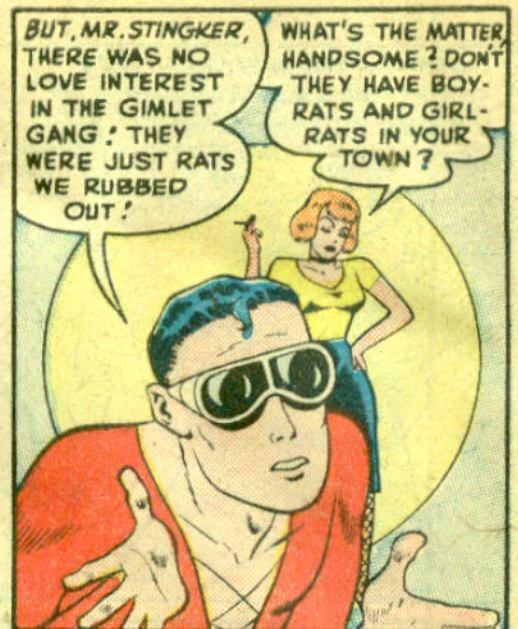
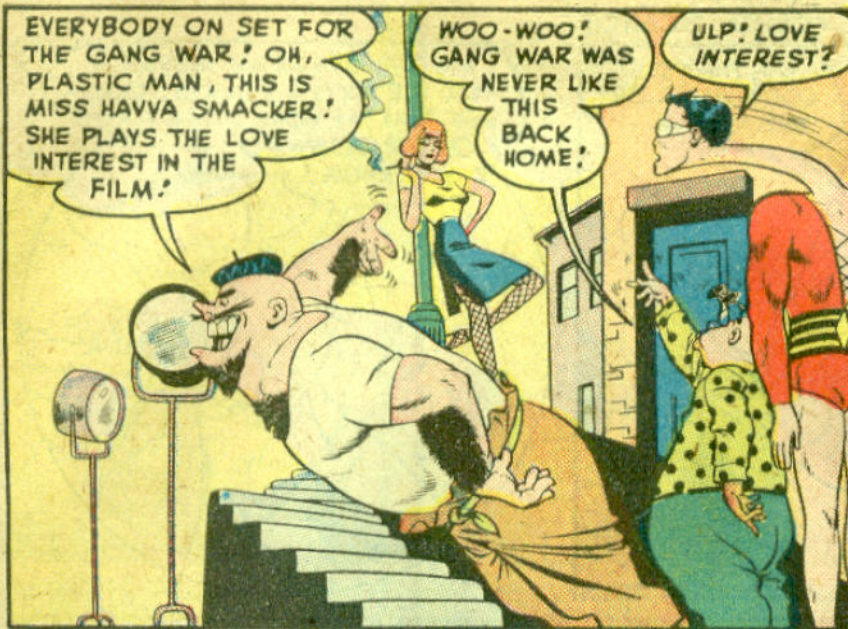
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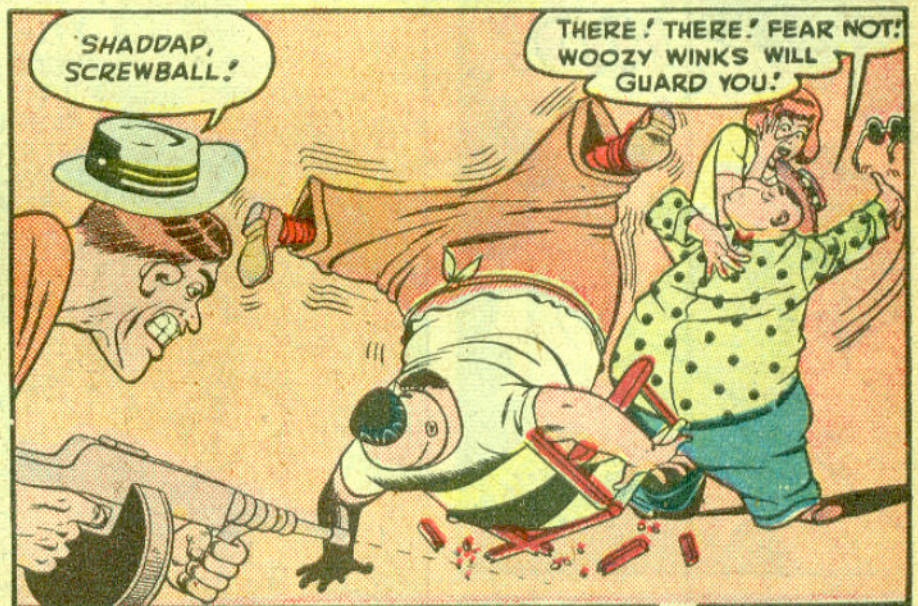
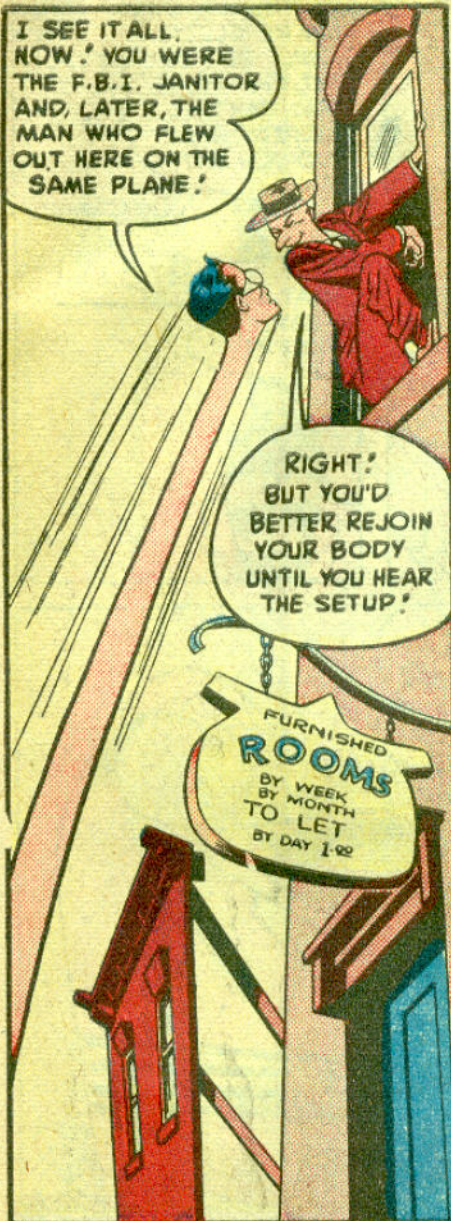
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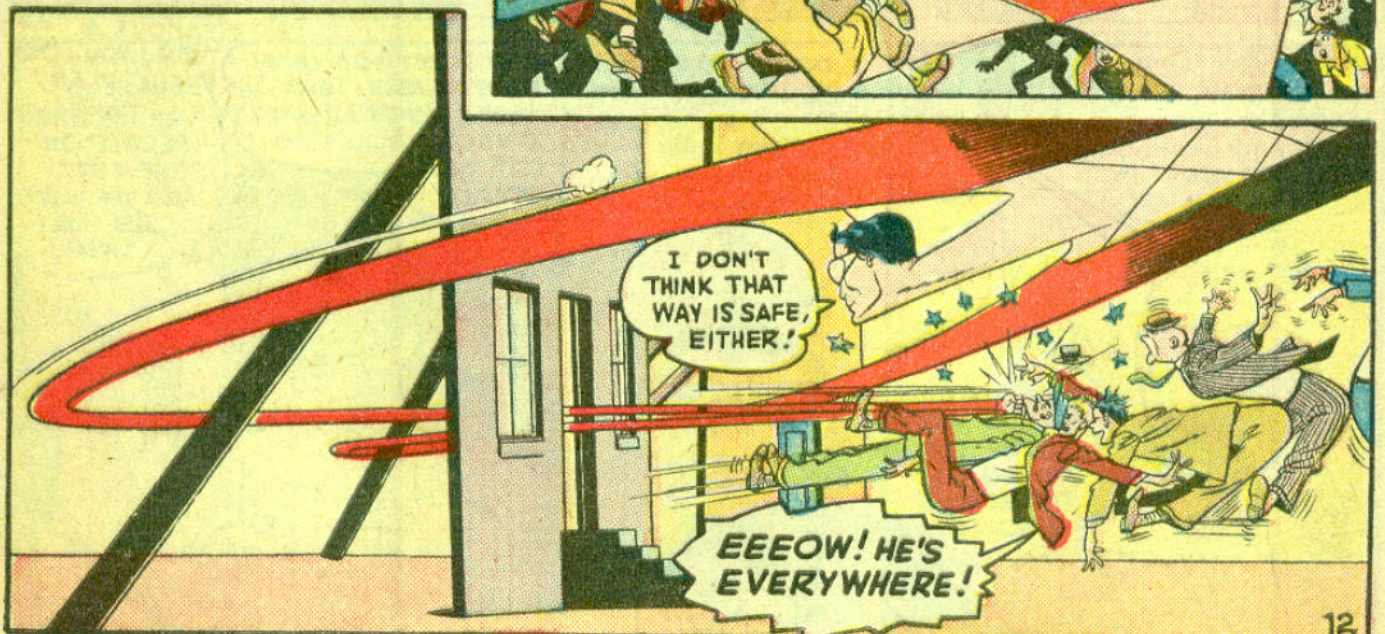
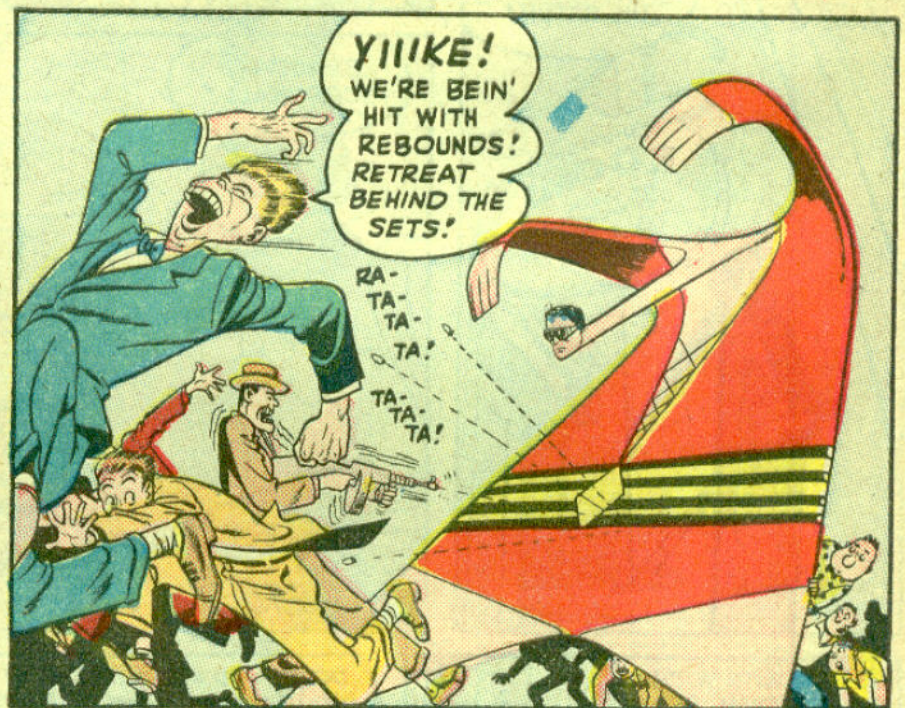
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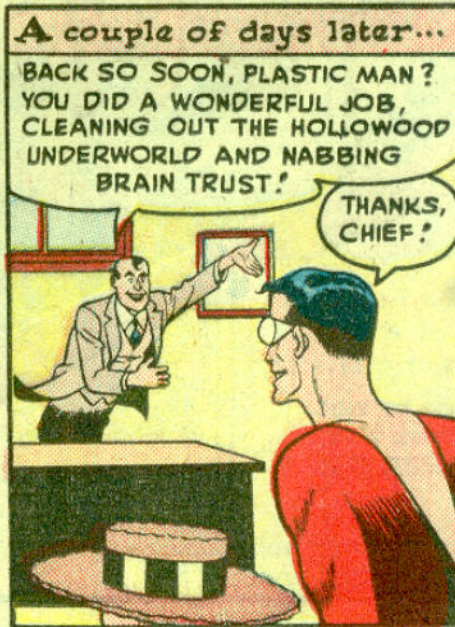
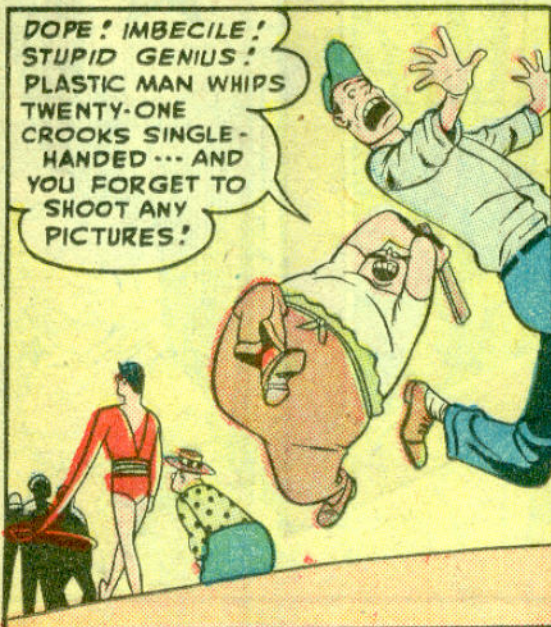
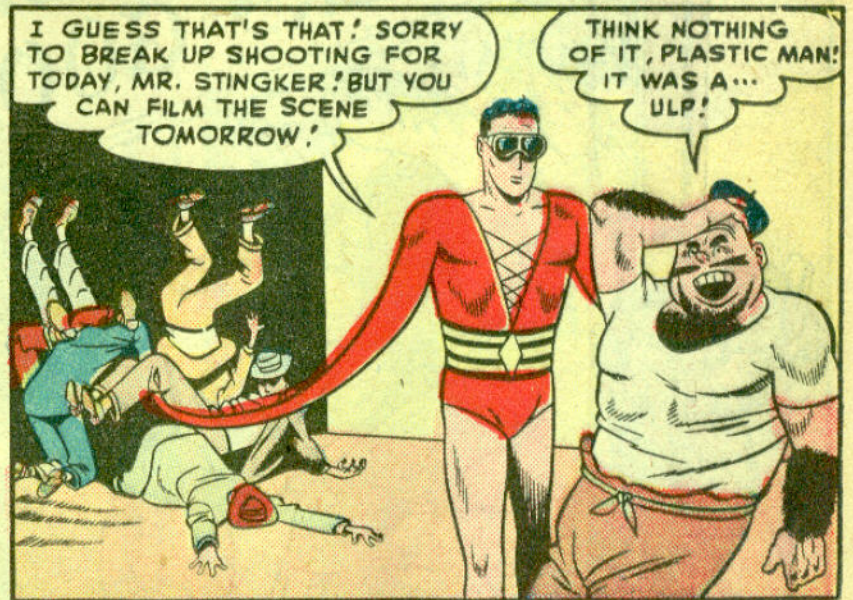
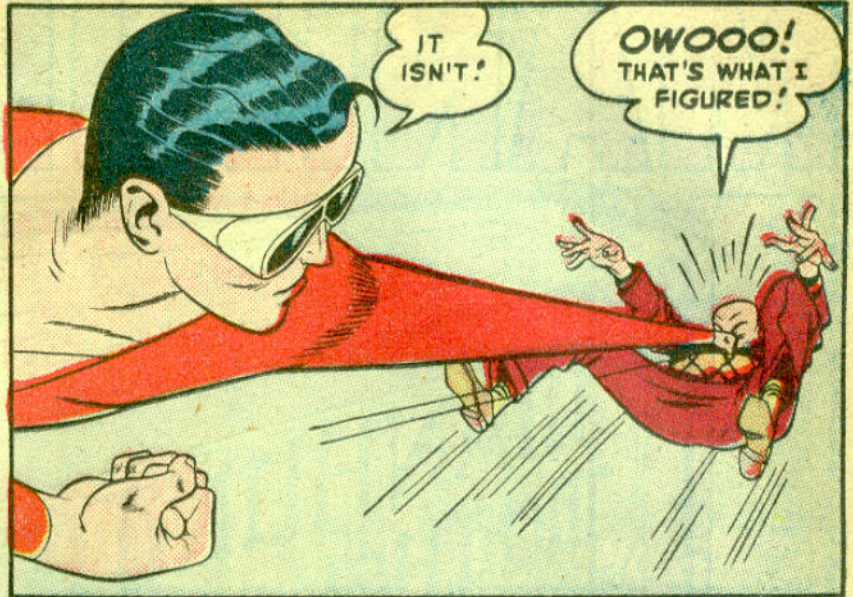
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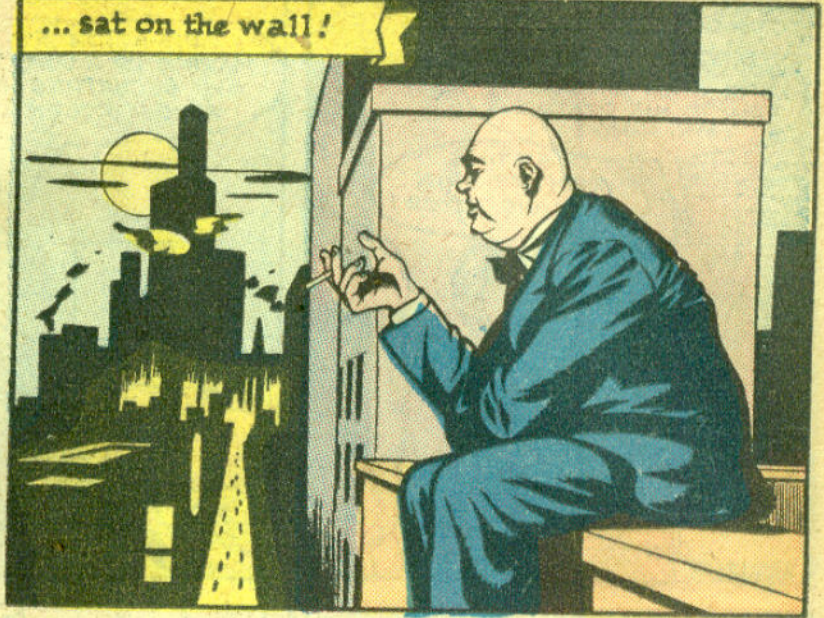
MANHUNTER



H. Dumpty...

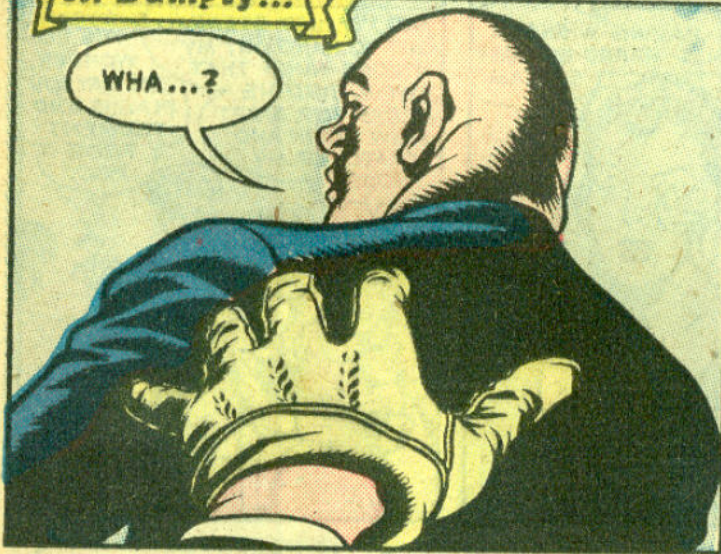


... sat on the wall!

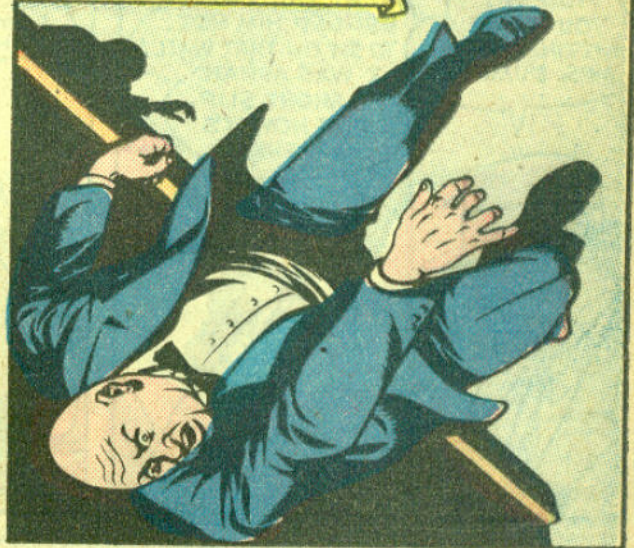


H. Dumpty...

WHA...?

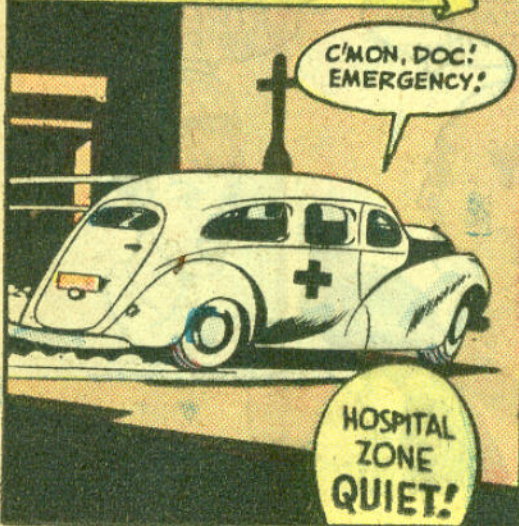


...had a great fall!



All the King's horses and
all the King's men...

C'MON, DOC!
EMERGENCY!

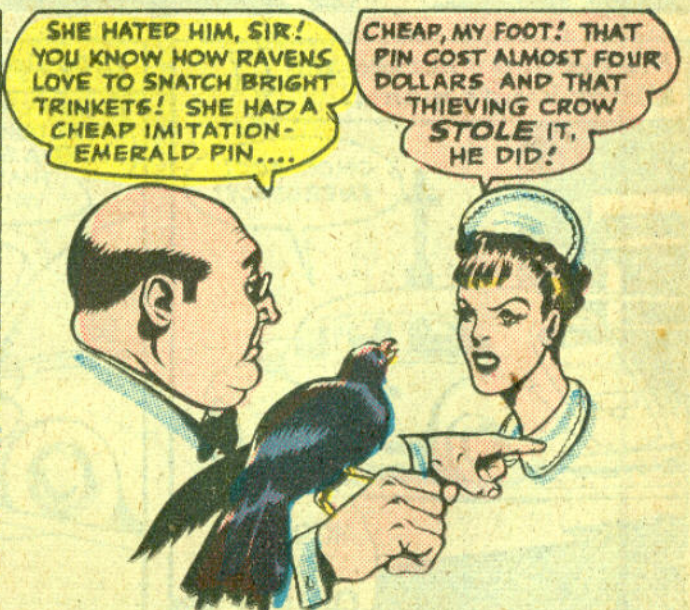


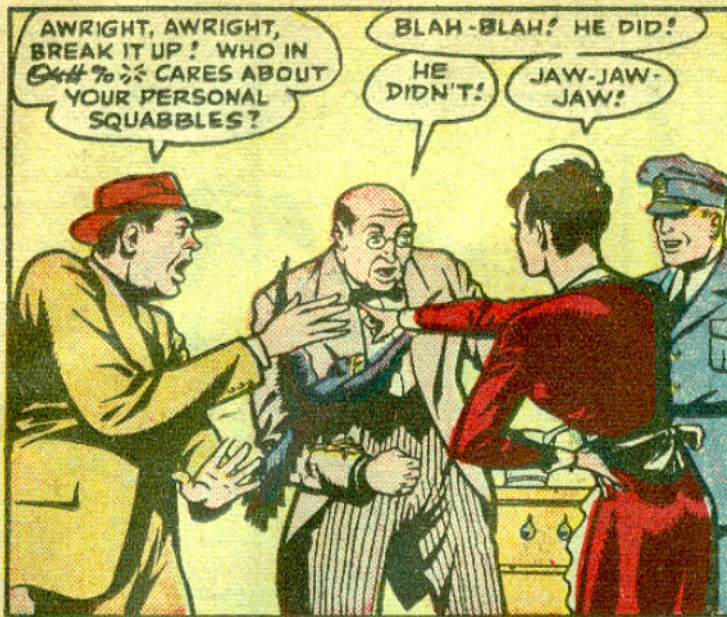
...couldn't put H. Dumpty together again!

YOU DON'T WANT A
STRETCHER, SAM -- YOU
NEED A BLOTTER FOR
THAT GUY!
WHEEW!



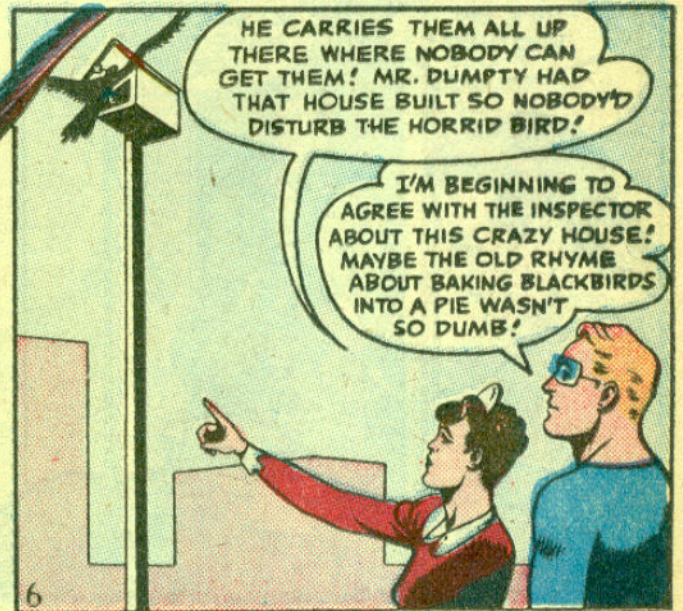
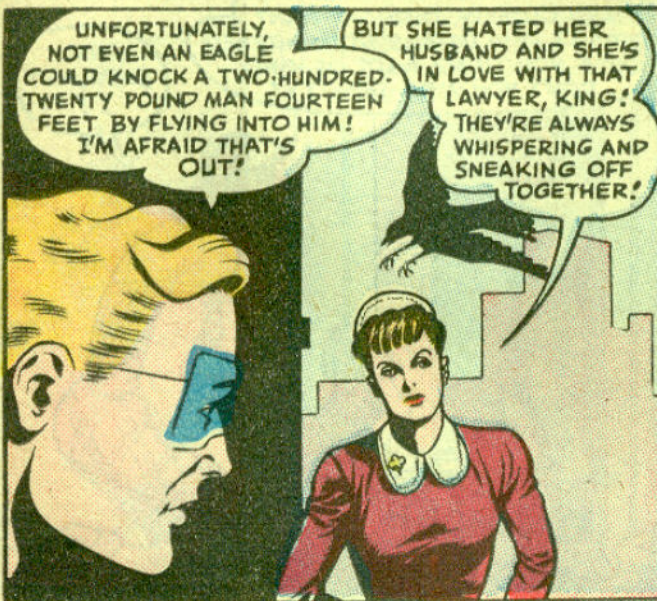
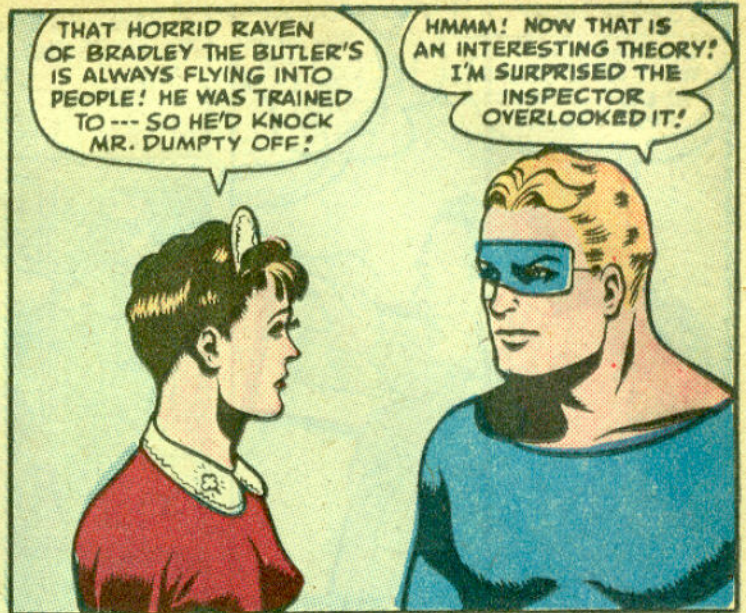
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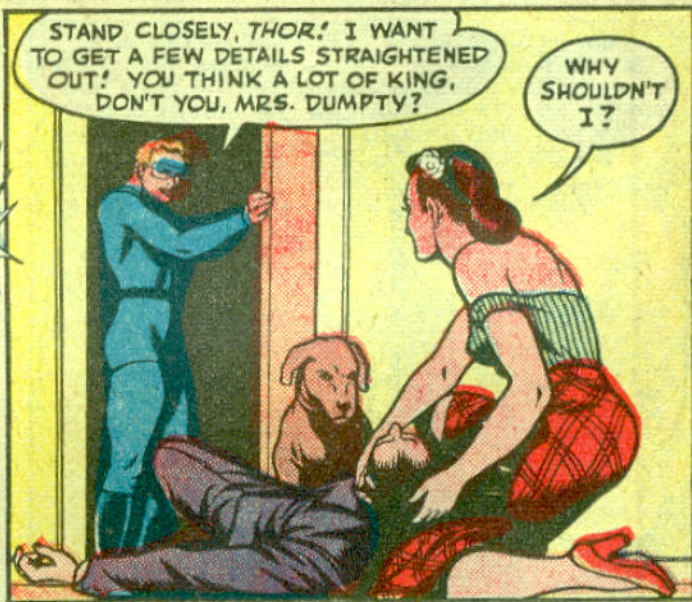
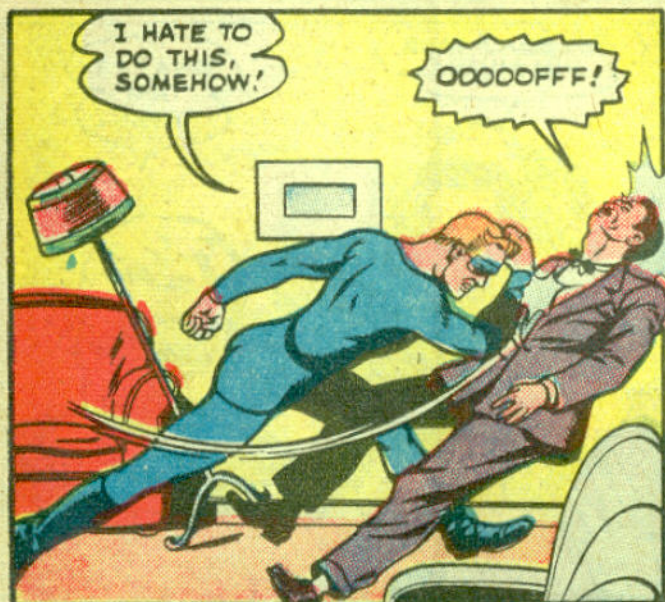




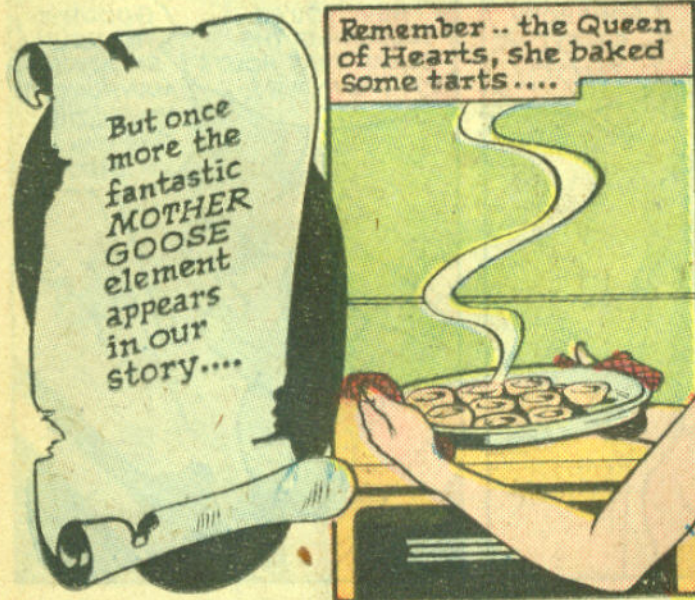
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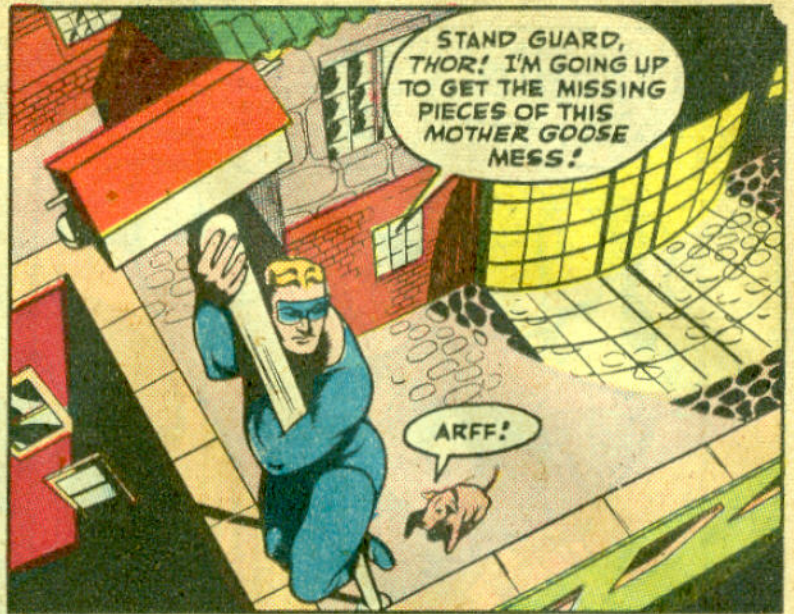
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AND IT'S PUNCHES LIKE THIS THAT KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE --FOR SEVERAL HOURS, AT LEAST!



STAND GUARD, THOR! I'M GOING UP TO GET THE MISSING PIECES OF THIS MOTHER GOOSE MESS!

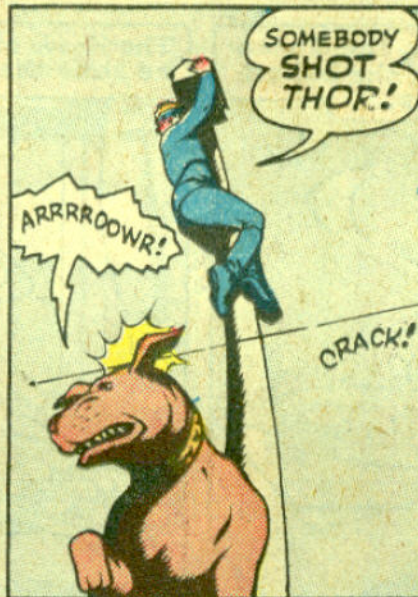


ARFF!



I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN THIS JOB IS DONE! WHEW, HOW THIS SWAYS!

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW IT WILL SWAY, MANHUNTER!



SOMEBODY SHOT THOR!

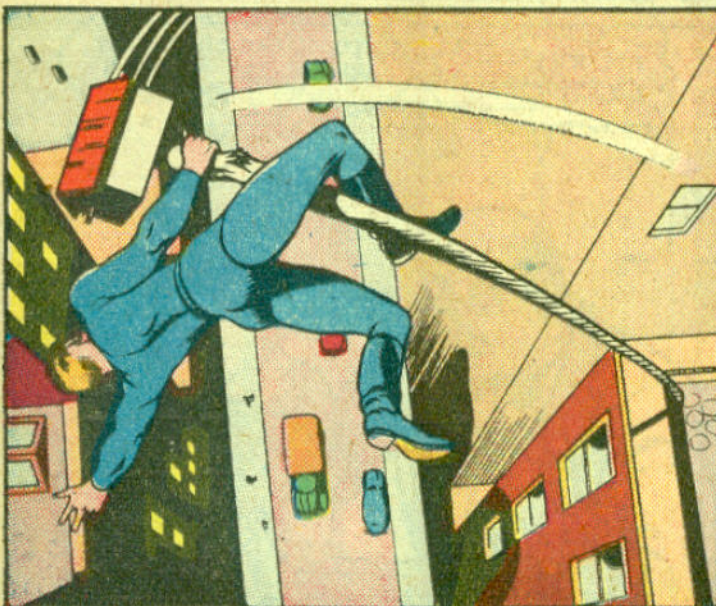
ARRRRROWR!

CRACK!



HEY! YOU'RE LOOSENING THE CLAMP THAT HOLDS THE POLE!

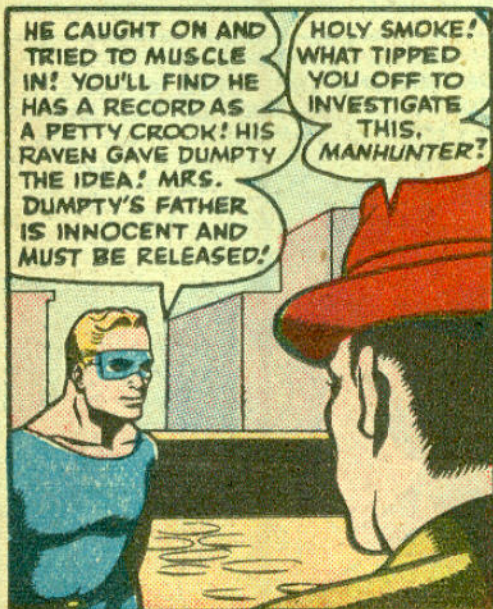
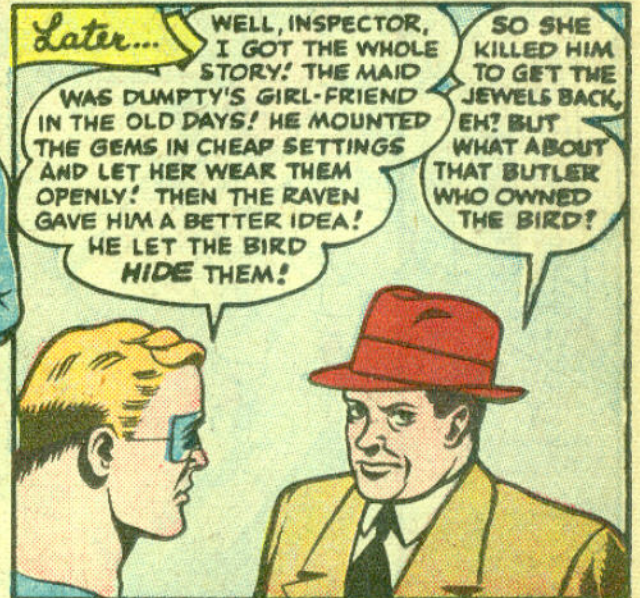
GOODBYE TO YOUR SNOOPING, MANHUNTER! YOU'LL DIE THE WAY HE DID!



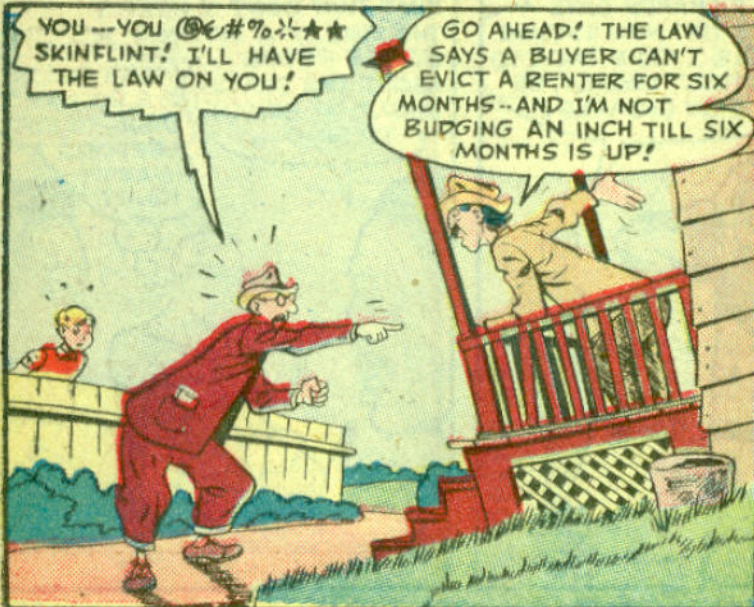
THIS IS NO TIME FOR CEREMONY! I WANT IN!

CRASH

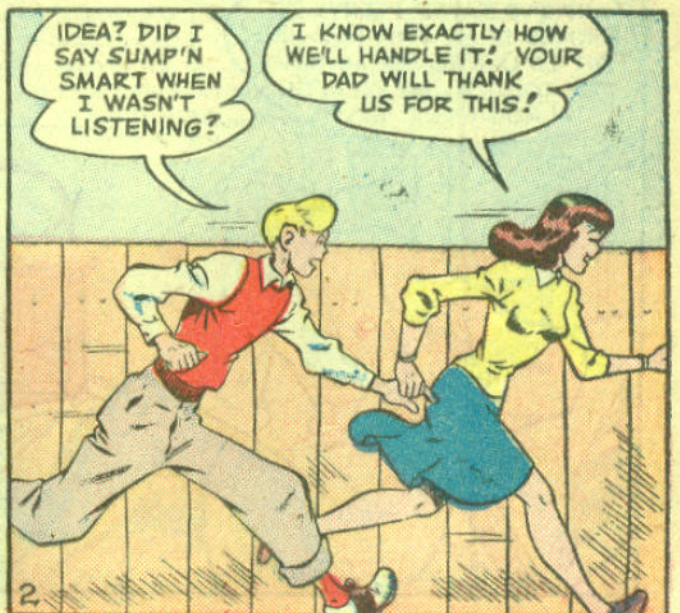
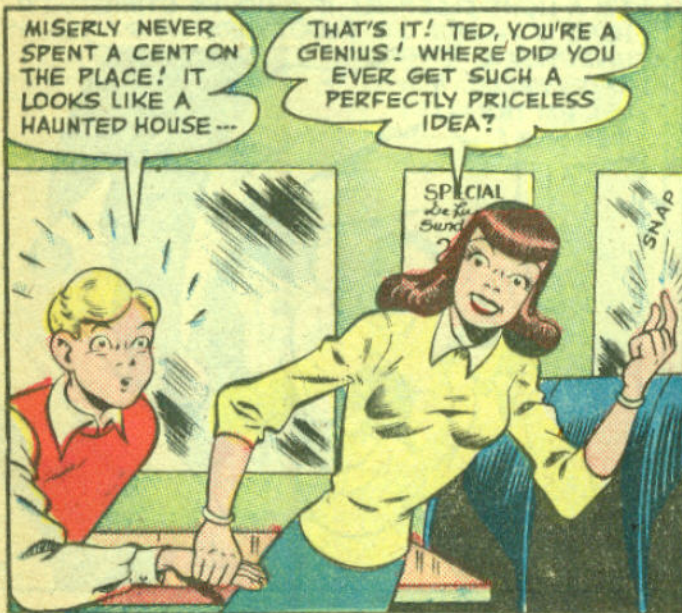
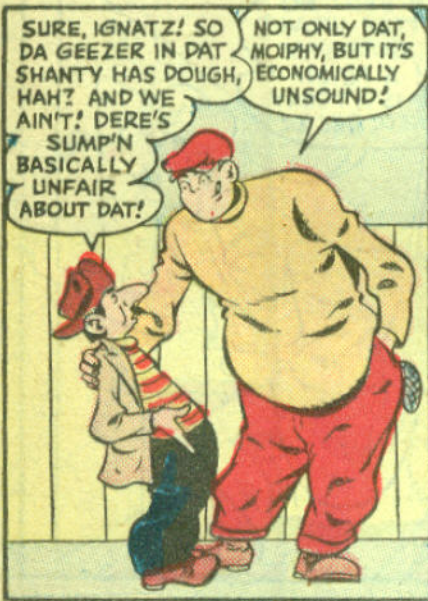
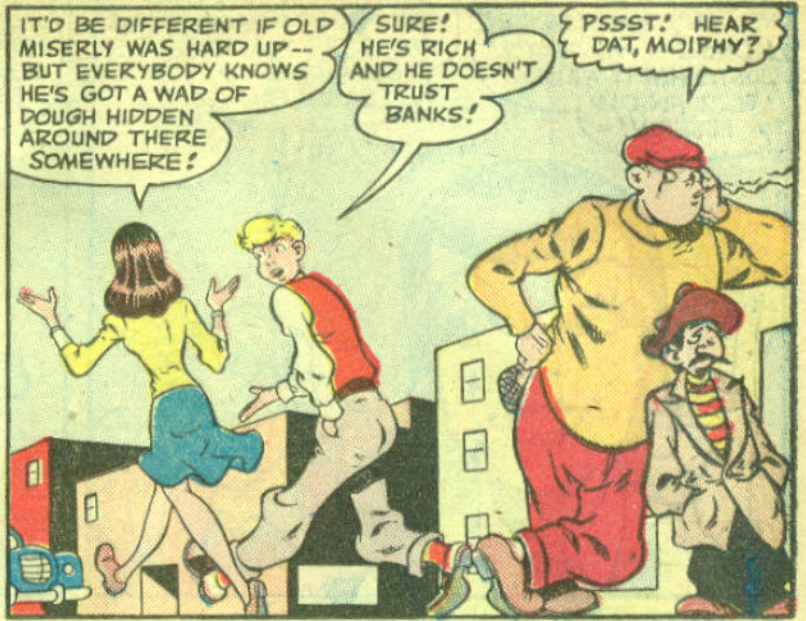
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CANDY



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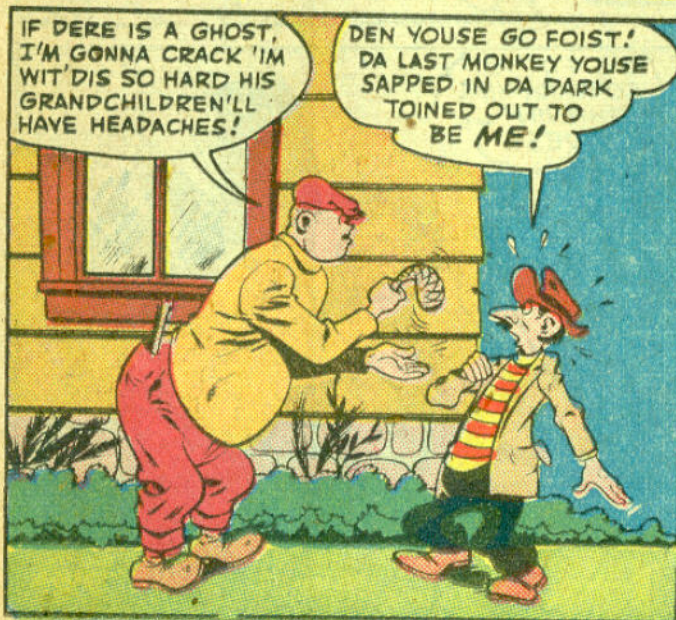
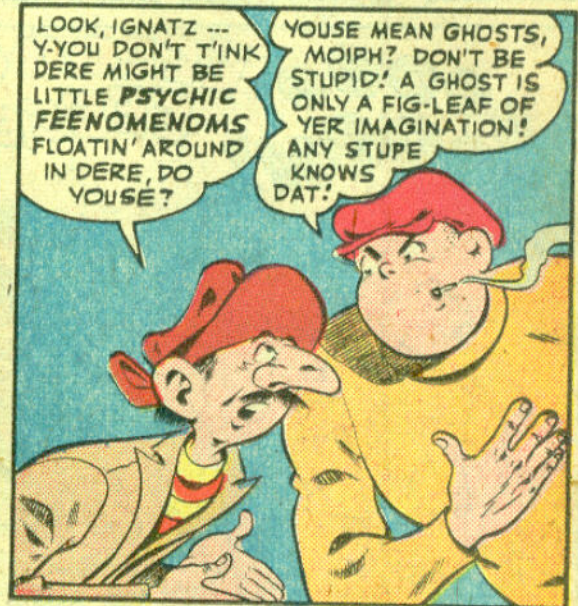
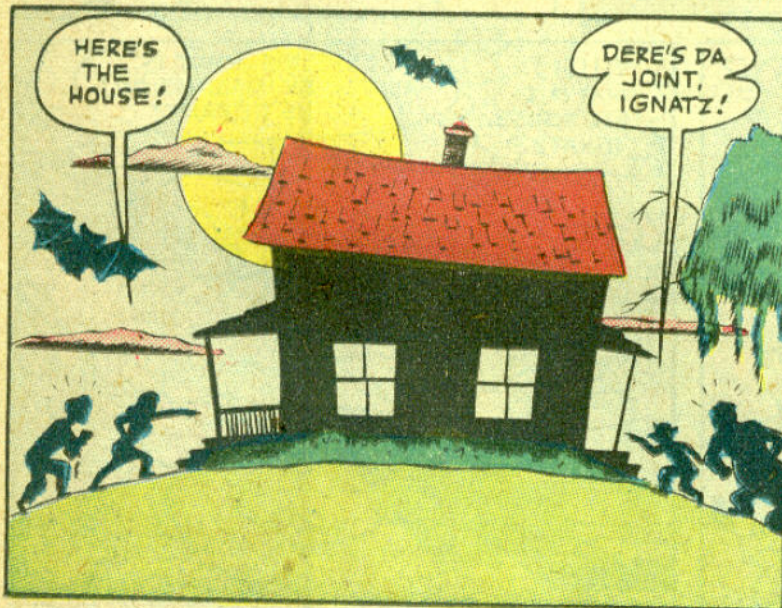


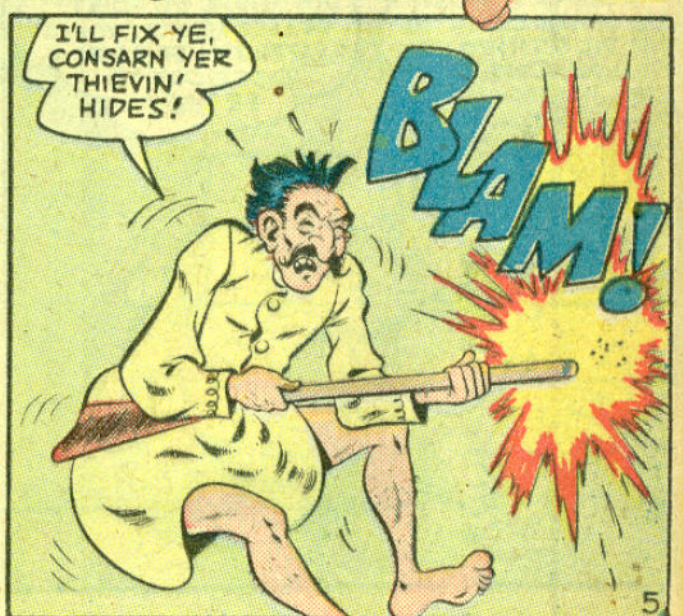
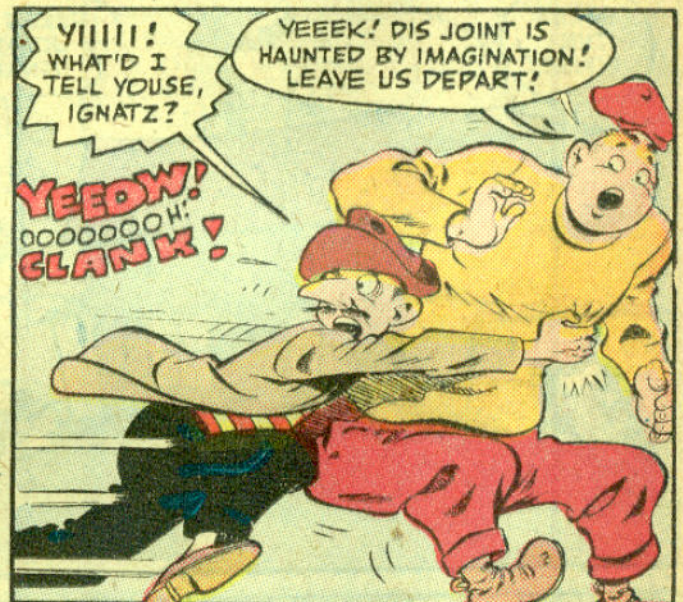
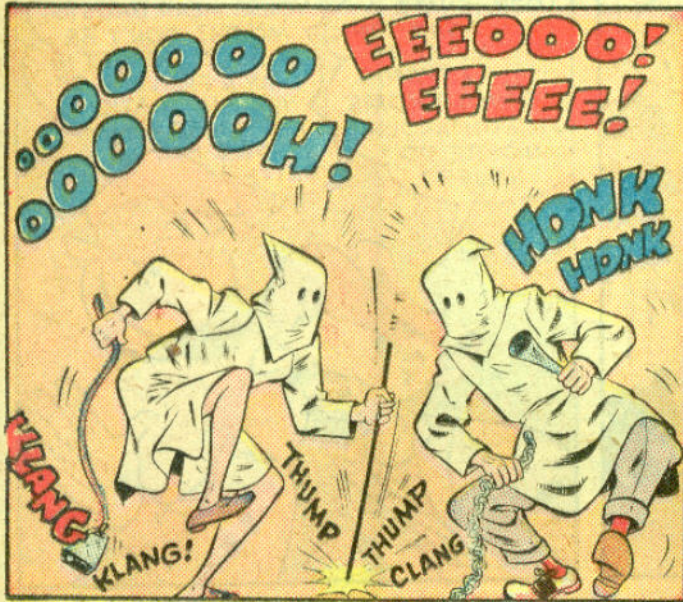
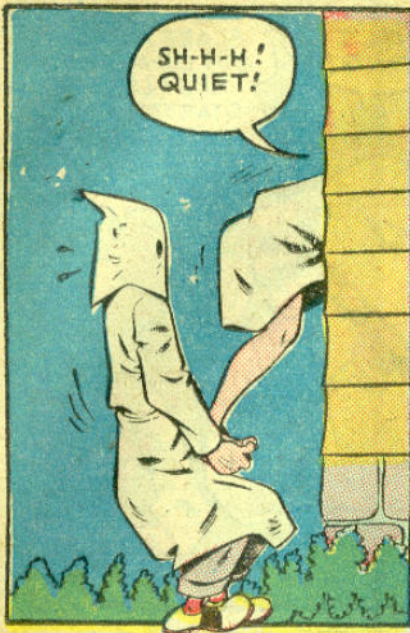


Night
falls
over
the
city
...

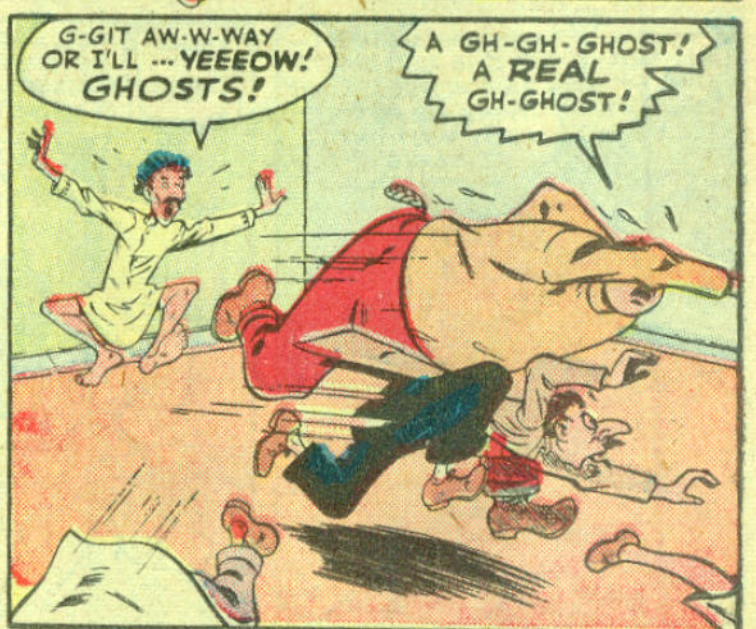
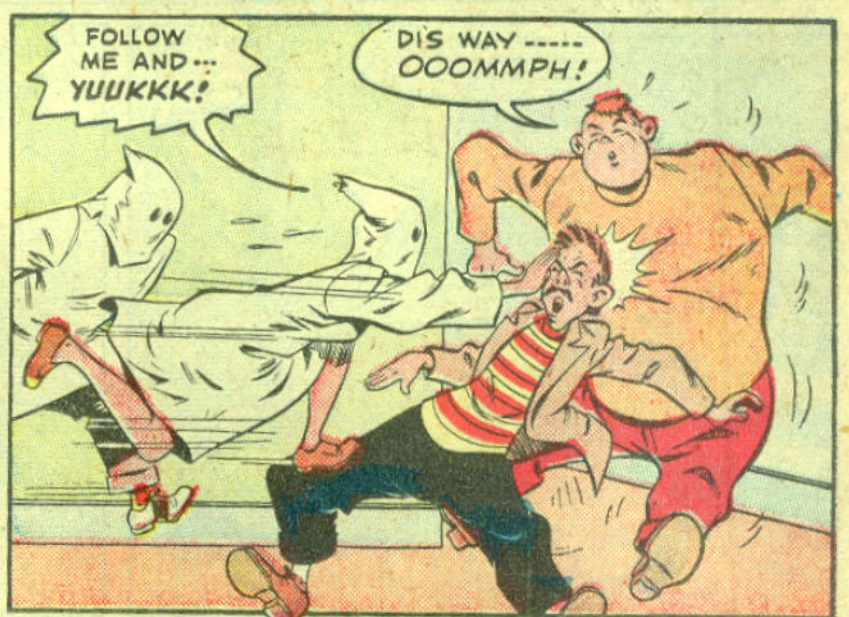
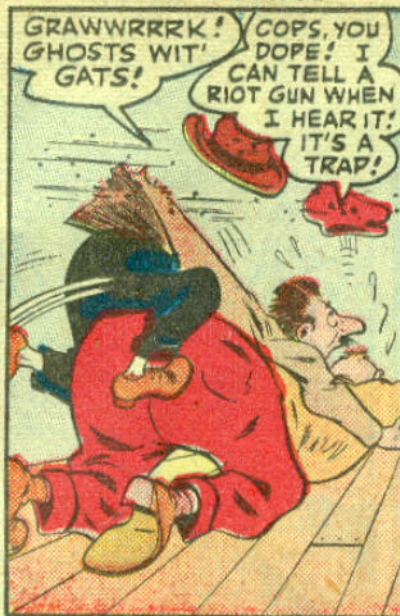
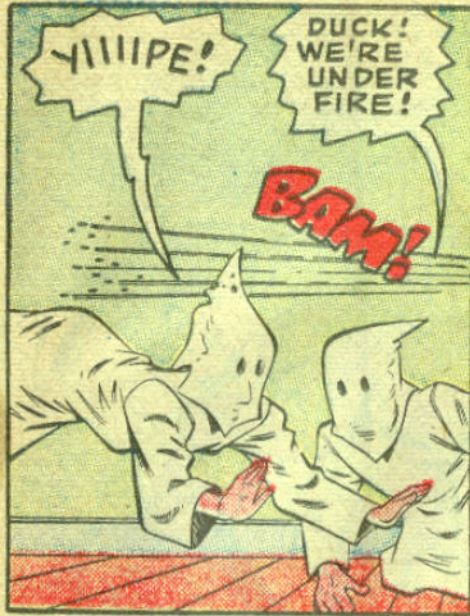


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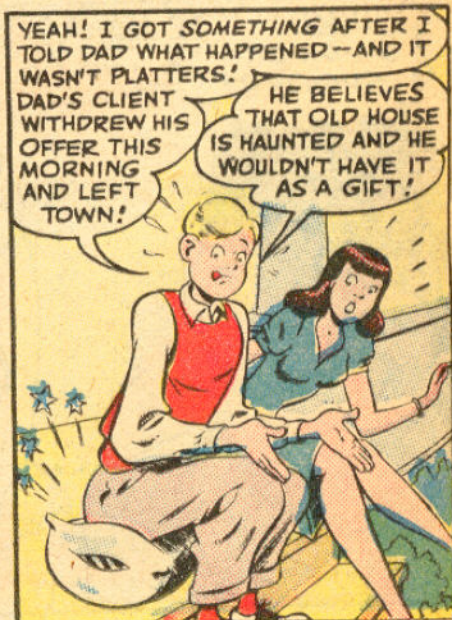
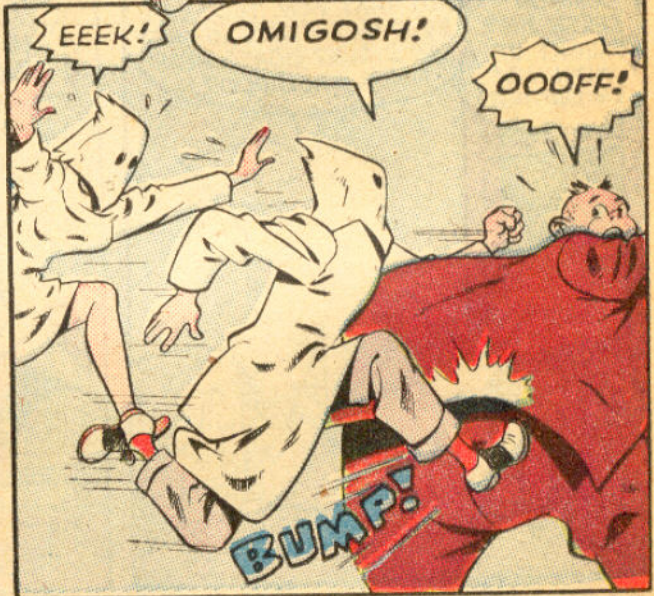
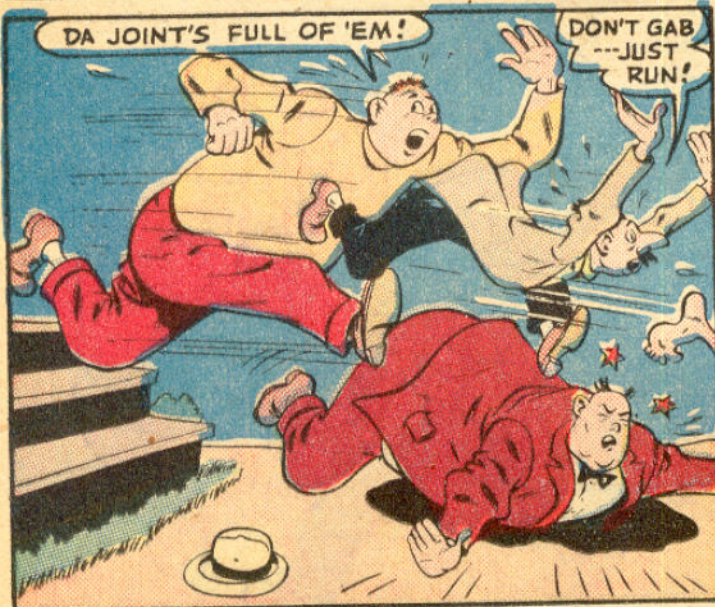
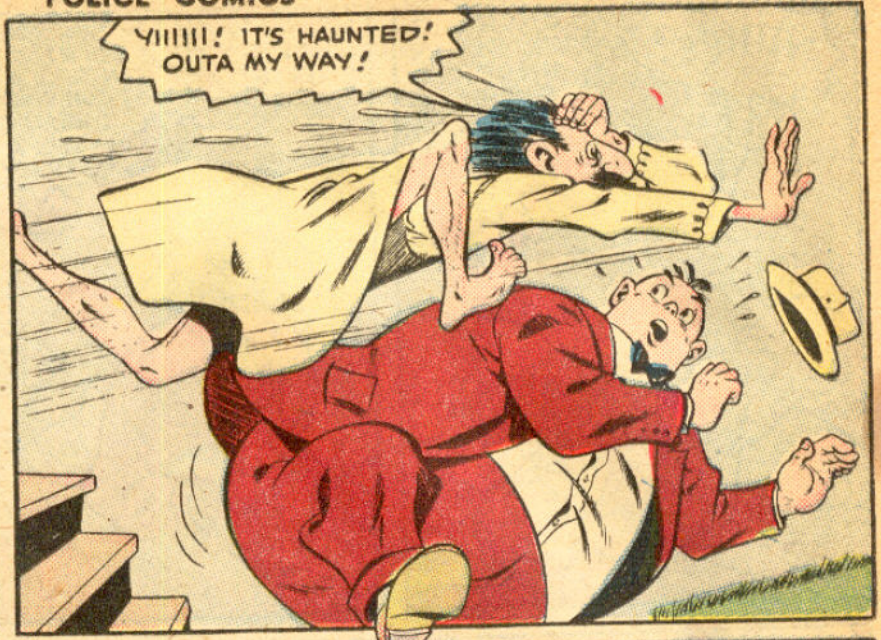
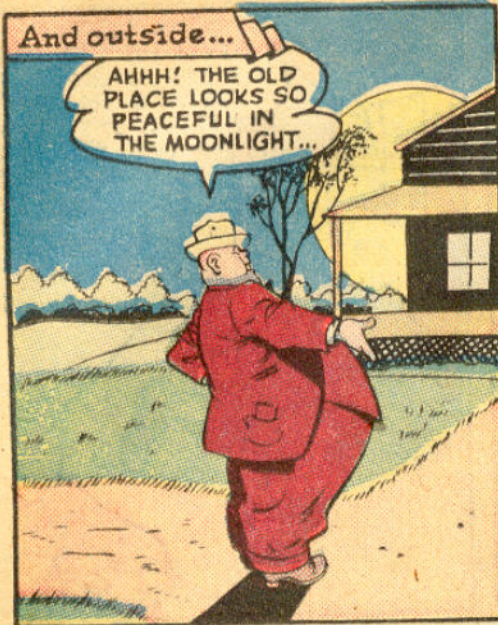


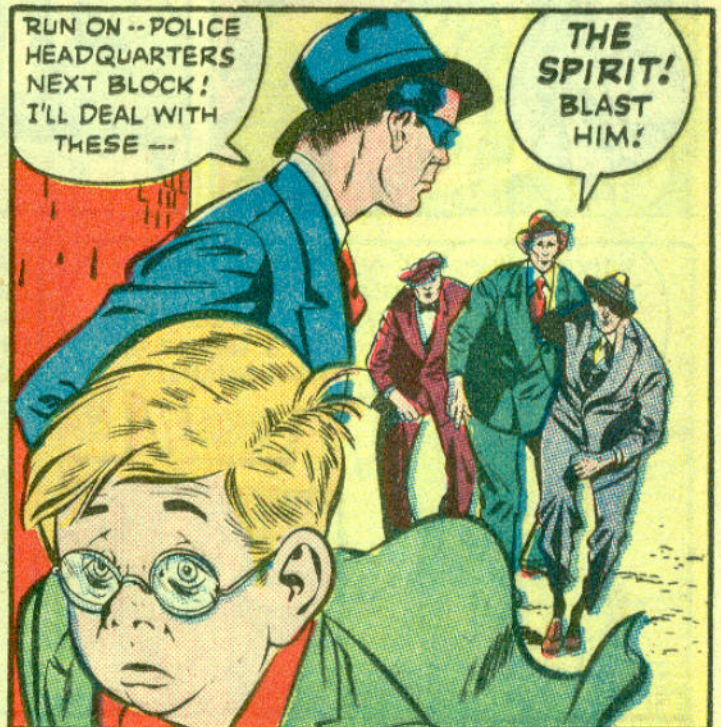


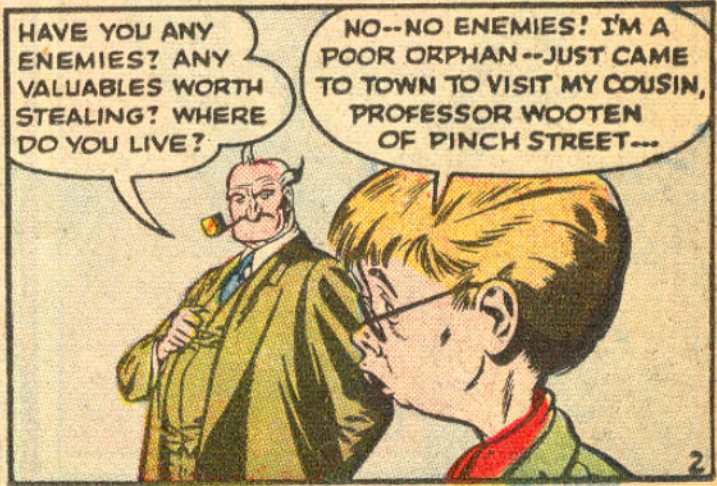
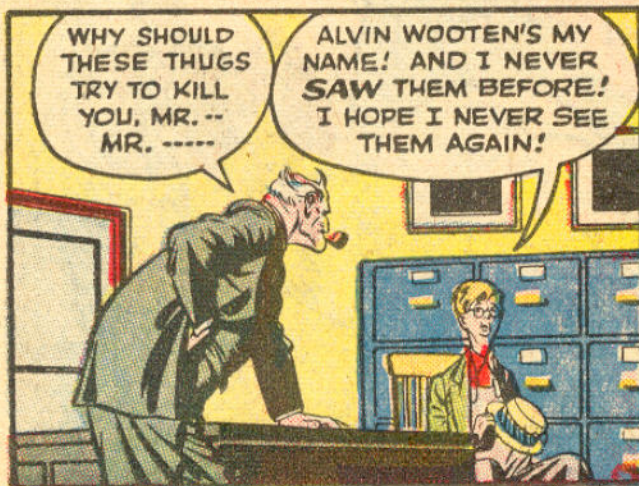
POLICE COMICS

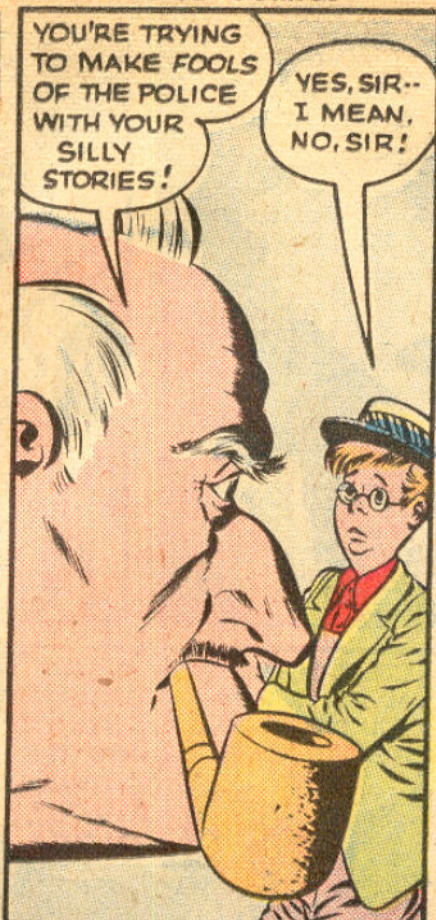


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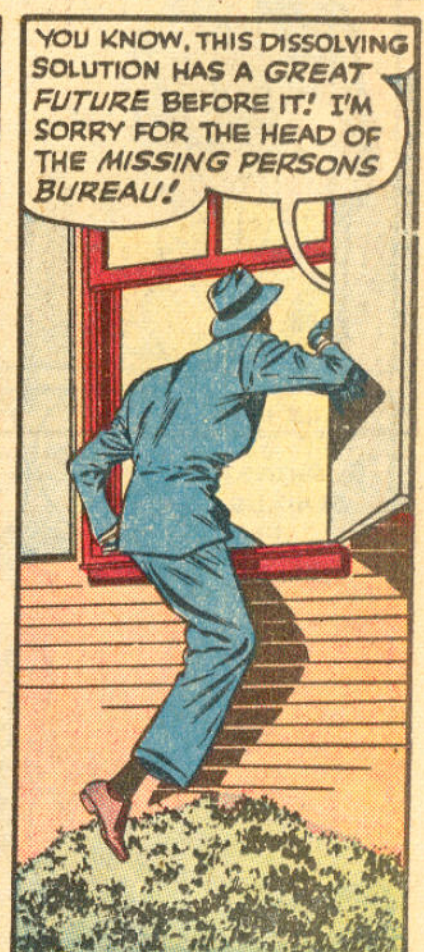
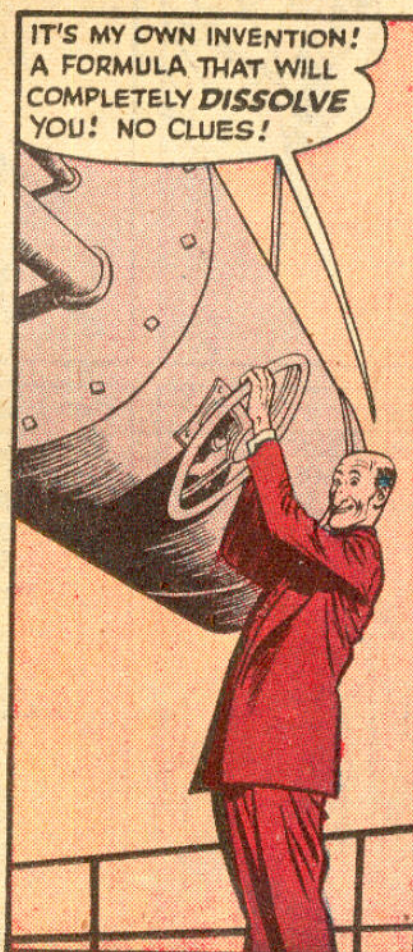
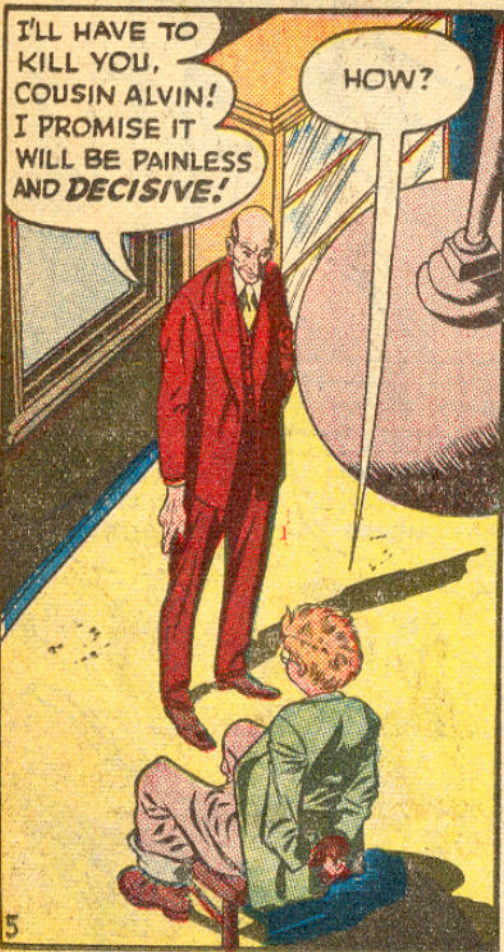
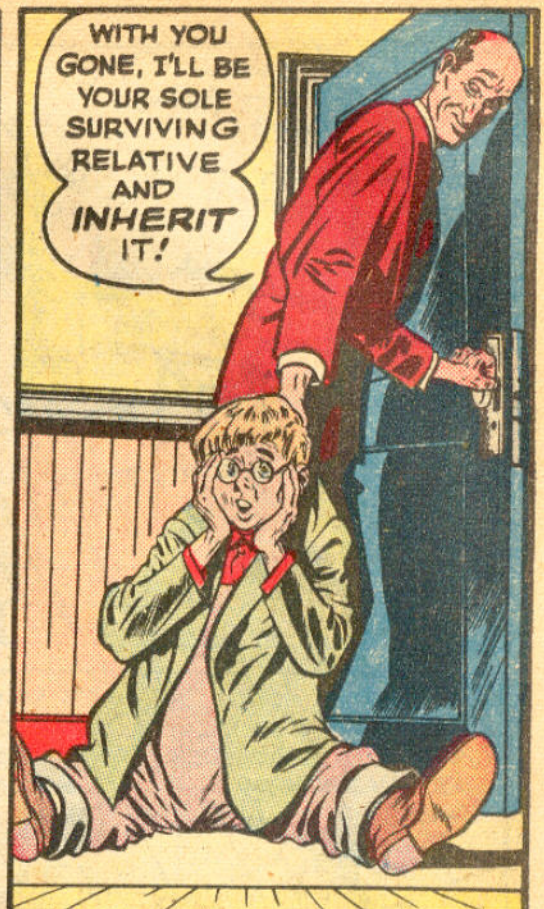
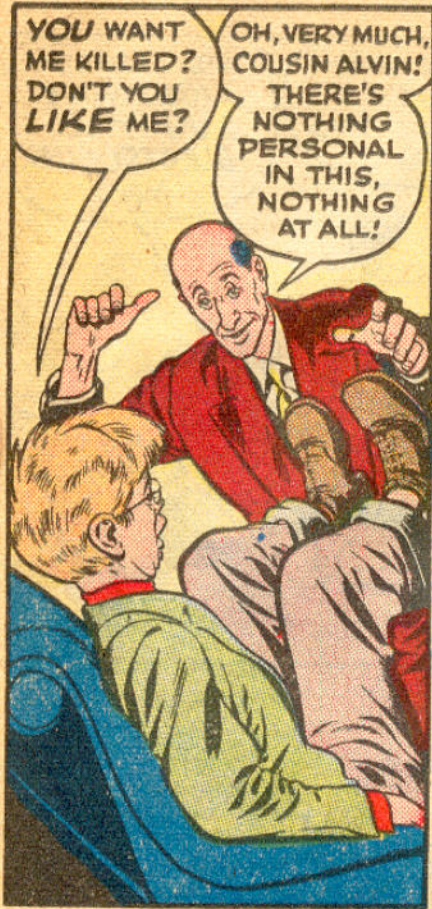


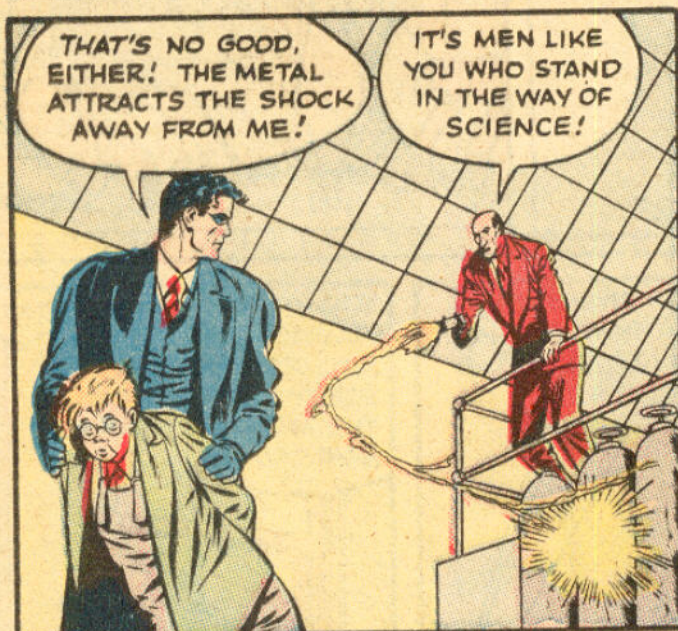


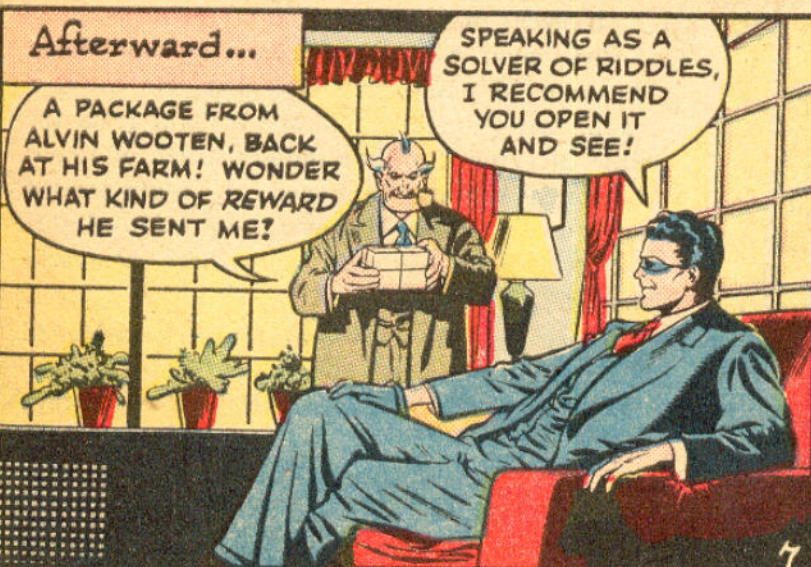












Kimberley *Knockout*

WORKING in utter secrecy, Dick Mace tested his new invention for many hours. It was a strange gun. It should revolutionize criminal work! Anyway, it was such a gun as had never been seen before.

Now it was ready for a real test—against man

What would be the reaction? The world was ready for something new; it should accept this device with open arms

Dick's only fear was that his odd weapon might fall into the wrong hands. With such a gun, crooks could get away with plenty, and face only a medium rap in prison. Enemy nations would change the entire aspect of warfare.

No, he must be very careful. This gun must be used only by himself until—

Until what?

Then the cablegram came. Dick was wanted at the other side of the world. That was nothing new; he was used to calls from across the world's far outposts. But this mission was new. This time his services were wanted to halt poaching in the African diamond fields.

WAVE OF THEFTS RUINING DIAMOND BUSINESS CAN YOU COME

That's what the cable read. It was signed by the manager of one of Kimberley's richest fields.

Well, it should be an exciting mission at any event. Diamonds! Plenty of thrills and excitement. Africa! Exciting land, too.

Dick took a Clipper in New York and was soon soaring across the dark Atlantic. Lisbon first. Then another long hop. Algiers. Then down across the old Barbary states. Train to Capetown. It was a trip worthy of any traveler. Take time.

He was tired when he reached his destination. He had radioed ahead. They were waiting for him when the train pulled into the small station—a small town some miles north of Capetown.

A fast British-made car whisked him out into

the dusk of the desert. Mile after mile. Then at nightfall, they pulled into the main offices of the Rhoades-Barney Diamond Co., Ltd.

The office was modern and air-conditioned, a treat after the terrific desert heat. Dick fell gratefully into a huge soft chair and looked at the man who sat behind a great desk.

"I'm Rhoades," said the man in a rumble. "It's nice of you to come, Mr. Mace." They shook hands.

"I enjoyed the trip, Mr. Rhoades."

The big man smiled crookedly. "Good. But maybe you won't enjoy so much what is facing you."

"The diamond thieves?"

"They're not common thieves, Mr. Mace. I'd venture to say you've never run into such tricky customers. But we're willing to pay anything you ask if you can stop them."

"I thought," Dick said, "that diamond mines enjoyed many devices for thwarting theft of stones."

"True. But these thefts don't occur in the regular channels. We have regular electronic gadgets that spot any diamonds on an employee's person. No, it's something different. Our diamonds are being stolen in transit—between the mine and Capetown."

Dick nodded. "No clue?"

"None."

Dick spent a couple of days reconnoitering the area, checking this and that. He hired a small, fast plane and followed a flight from the mine carrying a million dollars worth of uncut diamonds. Nothing happened: the flight landed safely in Capetown. However, no previous flights had been tampered with; only those shipments that went by truck.

Every four days three or four trucks loaded with precious quartz started out from the mine. These were the shipments that were always stolen. The odd thing was that always the drivers and helpers on the trucks were kidnaped, so that no details could be learned.

"Why not call out an Army escort?" Dick asked.

POLICE COMICS

The manager shook his head. "It would be fine, if possible. But the Army refuses to help in business matters, believing such interference would cause bad feeling among the native tribes."

"Uh-hunh. Then it's up to us." Dick got up. "When does the next truck caravan leave the mine?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"I'll be on hand. I'll need a good pilot for the plane. My hands will be full of other things."

This was promised.

At eight the next morning, four heavily laden trucks pulled away from the mine, the drivers none too happy about what faced them. Dick knew how they felt. He gave them a little pep talk before they started.

"Boys," he said, "I don't know just how the thieves are pulling these jobs. But I'm going to find out. I don't think there is any danger to you. Just act natural. When they jump you, offer no resistance. I'll not be far away."

The caravan rumbled away, rolling up a big fog of desert dust. When they were out of sight, Dick climbed into the plane and the pilot started the motor.

"Get up high, Jim, and we'll scan the country for trouble. I'll tell you what to do after we spot 'em."

The plane circled upward until they had reached 5,000 feet. The expanse of flat desert was bare. Far to the east snaked the trucks. There was nothing else in view.

Dick ordered the pilot to drop down to 2,000 and then shuttle back and forth over the terrain for a while. Still no sign of anything except the crawling trucks far ahead.

Suddenly Dick spoke into the intercom:

"Off to the right. A couple of miles from the lead truck. See 'em?"

The pilot nodded. "Yep. What now?"

"Circle. Let's find out what they intend doing. They're on horseback. Maybe Arabs."

As the plane circled far above, and the horsemen drew nearer the trucks, it could be seen that they were truly desert tribesmen. Their flowing burnouses and robes proclaimed that fact. They rode hard, on the wiry leopard horses so loved by these desert sheiks. Fleet war horses ridden by lithe, dark desert hawks.

Dick wondered what their method of attack was. Did they actually shoot the drivers and helpers? Somehow he doubted it. Had he thought they used such tactics, he would have cast about for some other means of trapping them.

The horsemen came on, and at last they were converging on all four trucks at once.

Dick spoke into the phone again:

"Go down and follow their lines like you were strafing, Jim."

The plane droned, dipped and went into a fast glide. Dick had cracked out a strange looking weapon resembling a long-barreled rifle with an odd looking telescope attached to the top of the barrel. Where the breech should be there was a flat steel box some nine inches across and three inches thick.

When the plane was nearing the rear truck, Dick saw the first one in line come to a jolting halt. The second almost crashed into it. Then all were stopped. The horsemen milled and began piling to the ground.

The plane roared over, and Dick's strange gun sent its hail of near-lethal energy into the milling crowds below. They began falling like nine-pins; even some of the horses were knocked flat.

The plane shot beyond the trucks and banked. It came back and Dick sprayed the mobsters again with a silent stream of power. There was now no sign of movement below.

The plane came down and landed. Dick and the pilot leaped out and ran for the trucks. The hundred-odd horsemen lay all about. The truck drivers were slumped over their wheels, as were the helpers. Some of them lay sprawled over the running boards.

"It worked beautifully," cried Dick. "We'll test its effectiveness." He listened to one of the supine tribesmen's heart. It beat steadily. "But he's knocked out for at least an hour," chuckled Dick. "This is great, Jim."

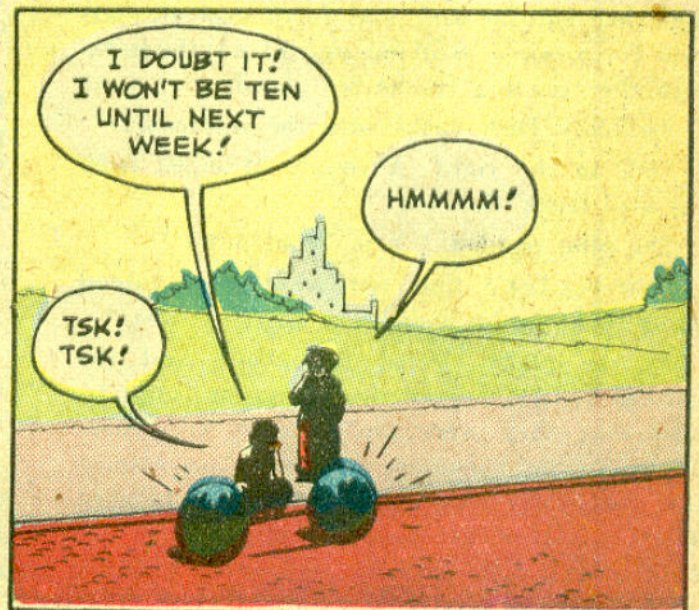
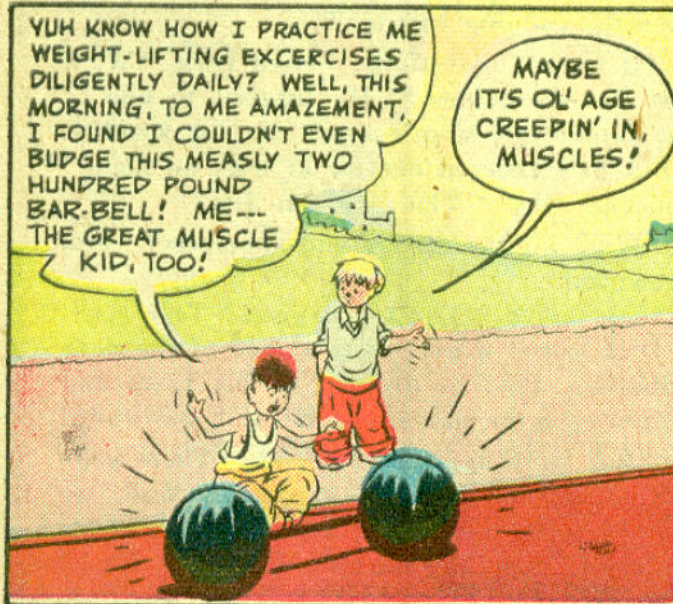
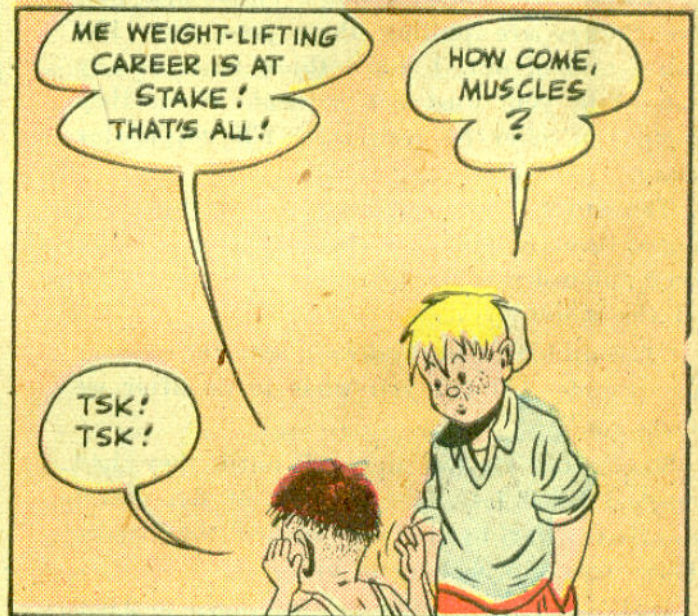
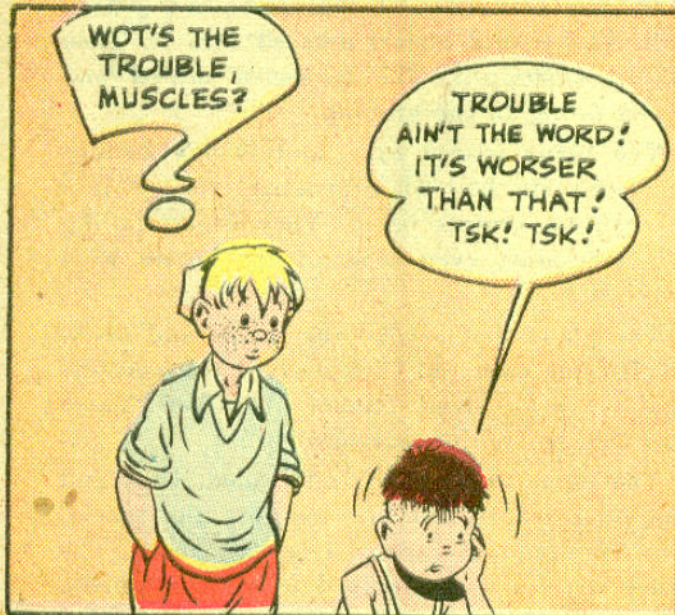
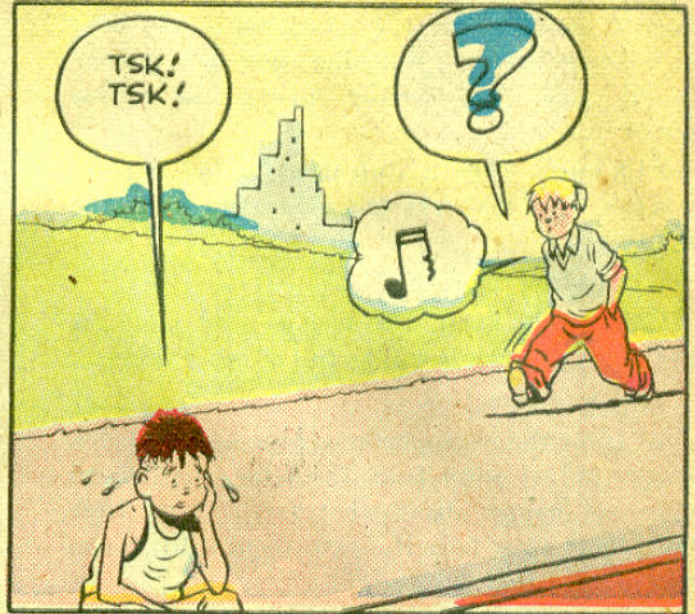
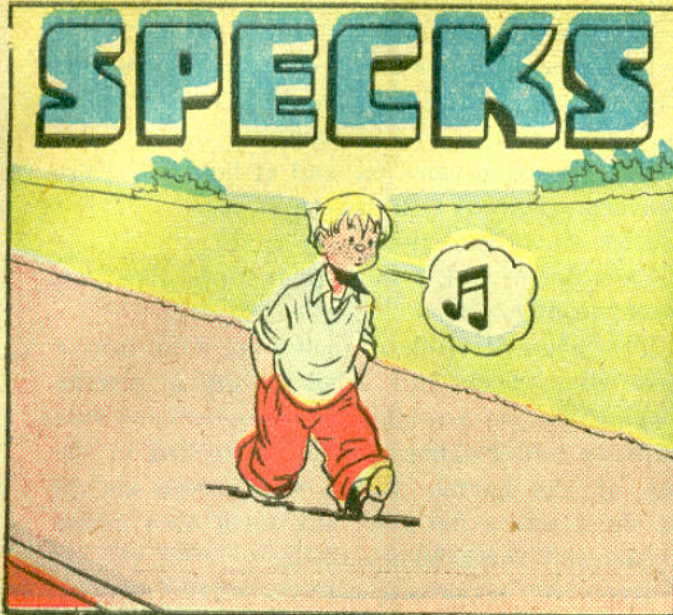
"What hit the drivers and swamper?" Jim demanded.

Dick sniffed. "Can't you guess? Tear gas."

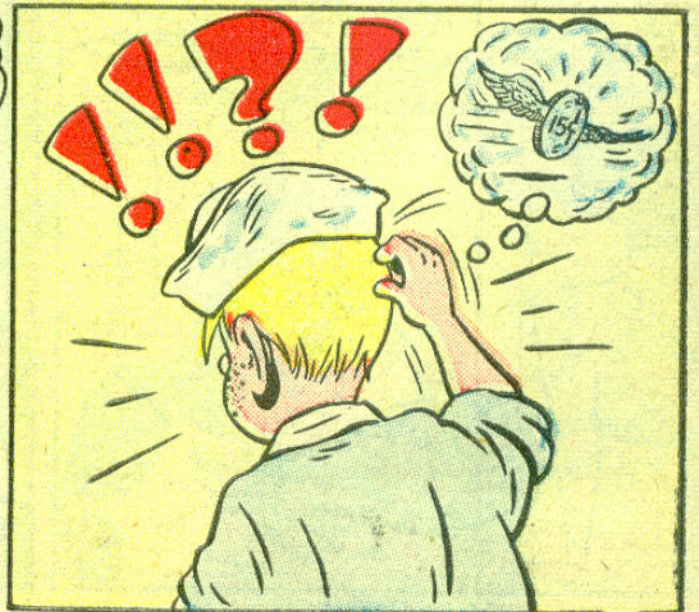
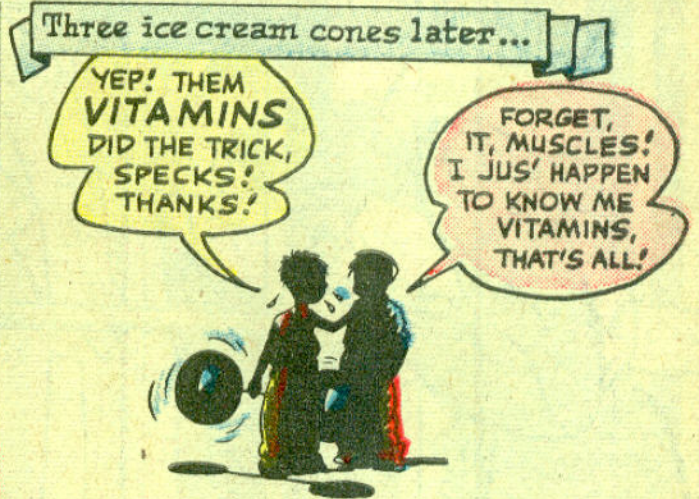
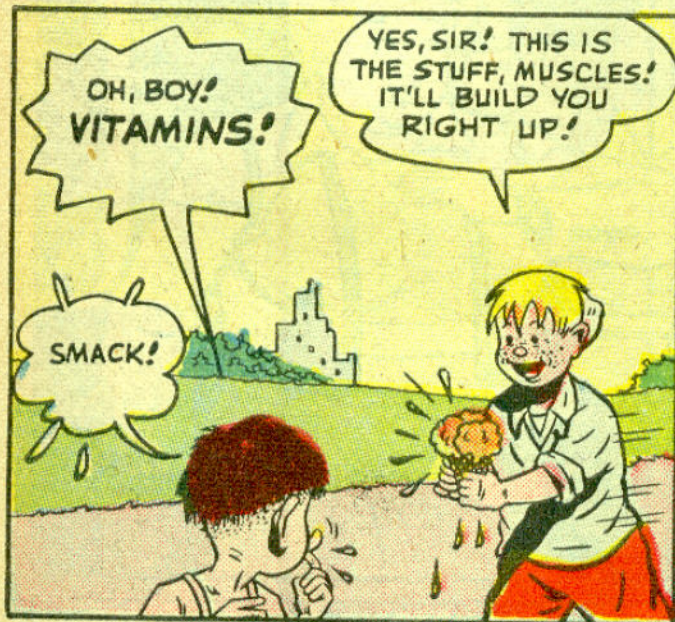
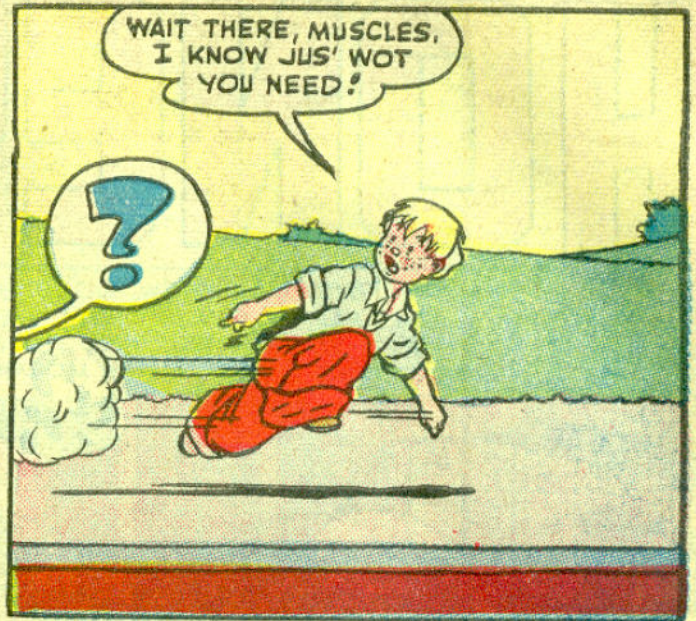
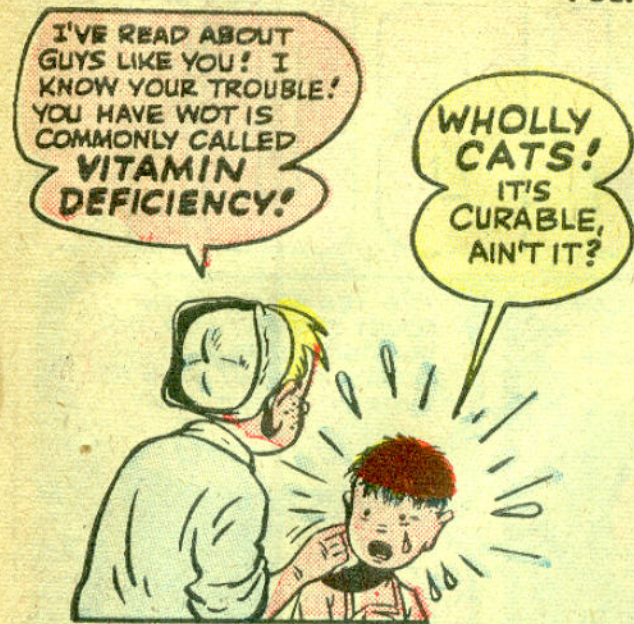
Dick looked more closely at one of the dark tribesmen, then he dropped to his knees and ripped open the man's robe. His skin was white!

"Just as I figured," he said. "These guys are all white—probably gangsters. Well, we nipped their trick clean. My rifle that shoots a wave of sound did the trick. Great, eh, Jim?"

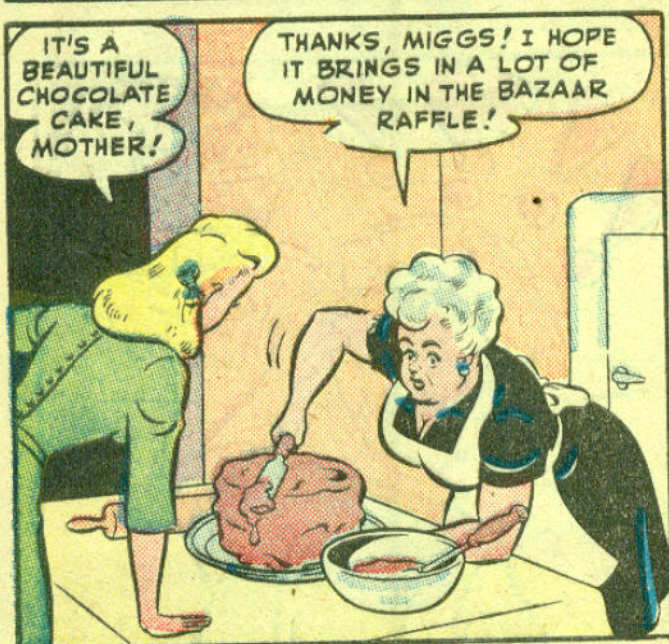
SPECKS



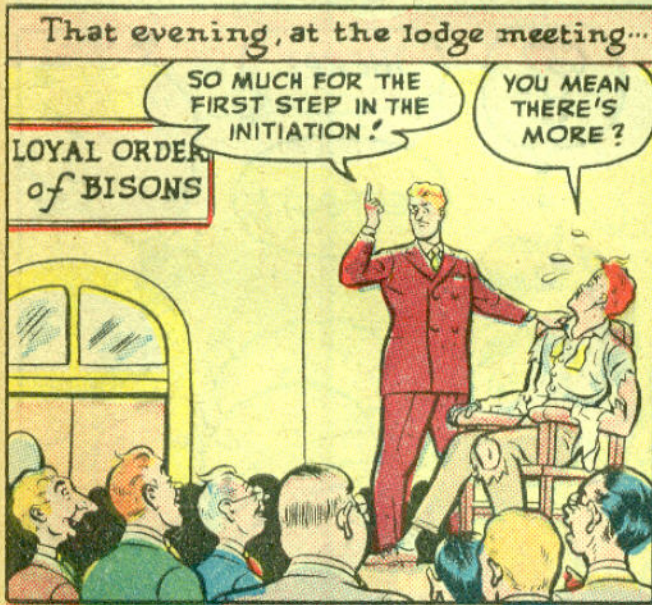
POLICE COMICS



HONEYBUN



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

Two the... last Tuesday... Mrs. Const... Mr. Const... you are... be... goes to school...

nationally... important... foreign... some... now... leave the... Department...

up... for a full... But mostly I had to teach...

raumba



DUKE GRUNTZ CONVICTED AND ON WAY TO PRISON!

DUKE GRUNTZ, NOW HEAVILY GUARDED, STARTS ON HIS TRIAL TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY.

Duke Gruntz

...not to see her... until she becomes of age... the bene... who lives at... Yonkers... as he and... with... College...

...AND... Secretary of State... make... at... the 21... War... Cou... Saturday... to be broadcast... to be an...

I CAN MAKE HONEYBUN UP SO HE'LL LOOK JUST LIKE DUKE GRUNTZ!

GOOD! GO TO WORK!



ASSORTED EYEBROWS & MUSTACHES

HAIR DYE

MAKE UP KIT

and so...

I DON'T GET IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

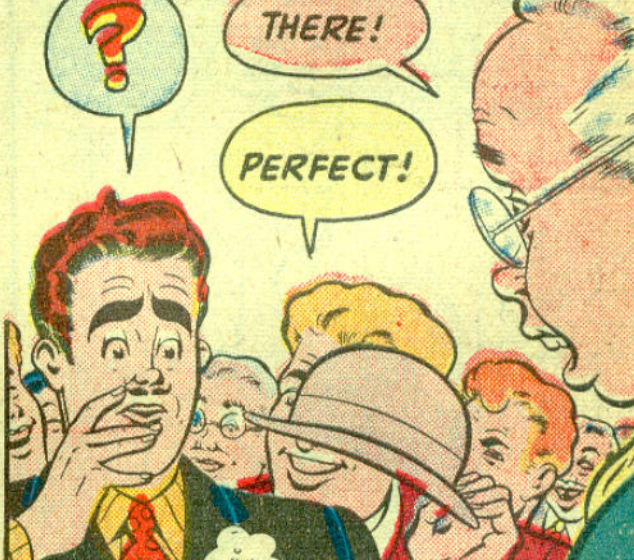
NO QUESTIONS! WE CAN'T ANSWER THEM UNTIL YOU ARE A FULL-FLEDGED LODGE BROTHER!



?

THERE!

PERFECT!



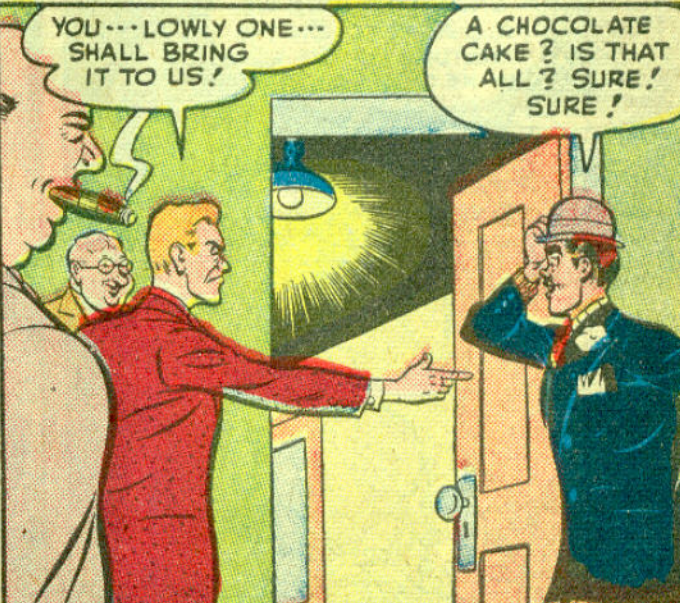
NOW, BROTHERS, WHAT DO WE WANT?

A CAKE! A GREAT BIG CHOCOLATE CAKE JUST LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE!

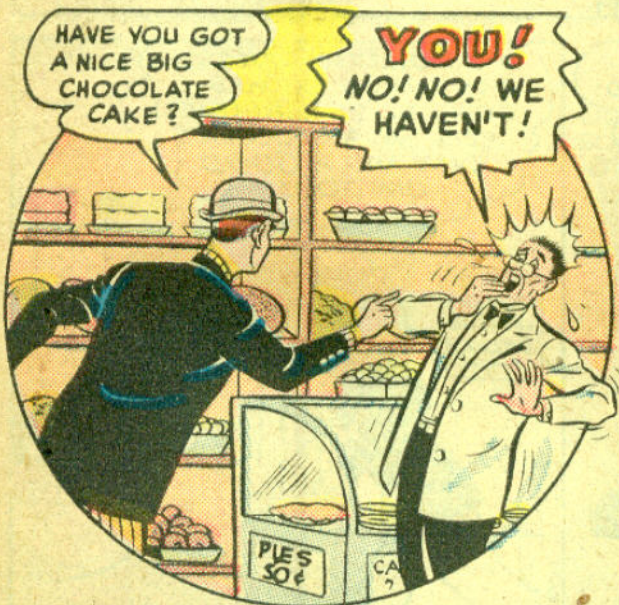
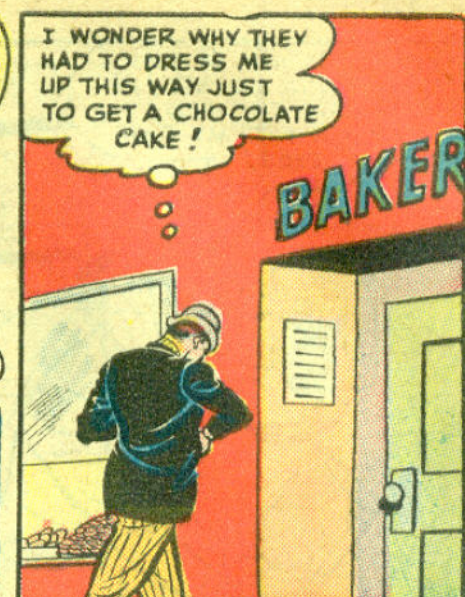
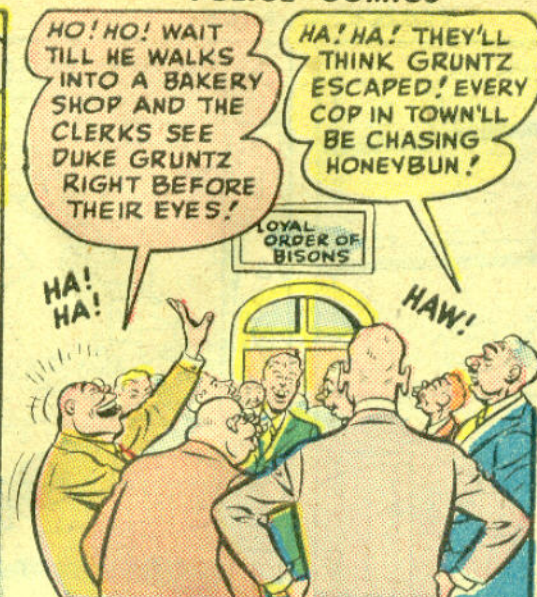


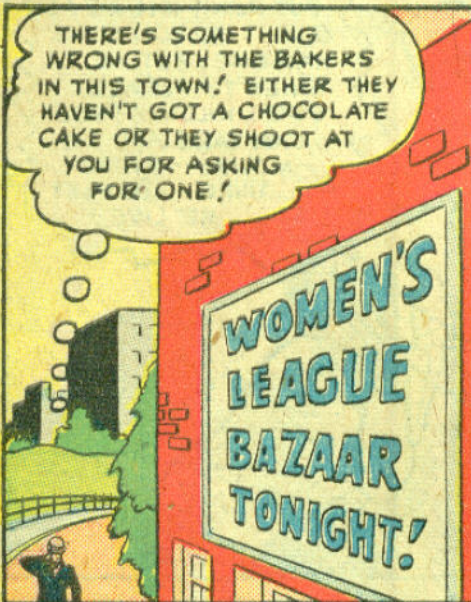
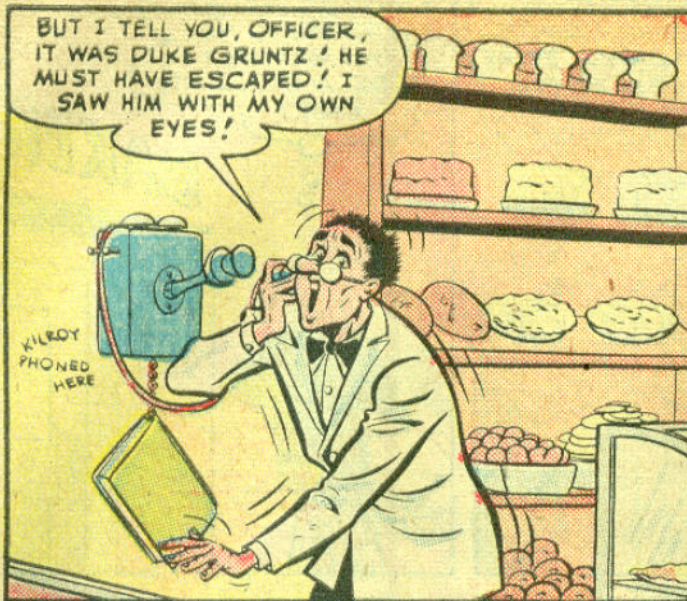
YOU...LOWLY ONE... SHALL BRING IT TO US!

A CHOCOLATE CAKE? IS THAT ALL? SURE! SURE!

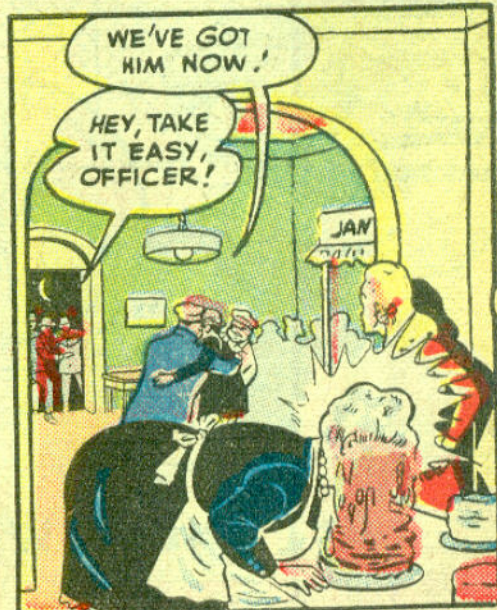
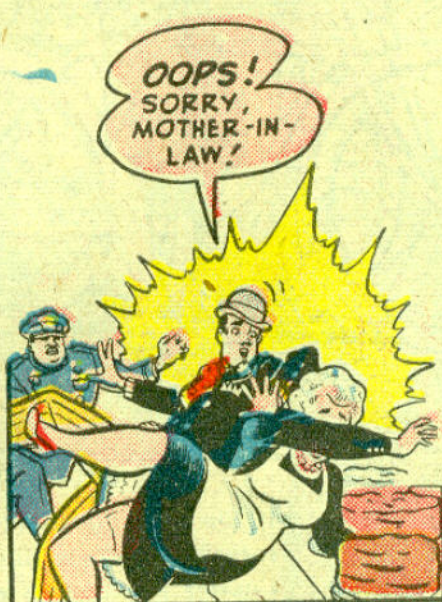
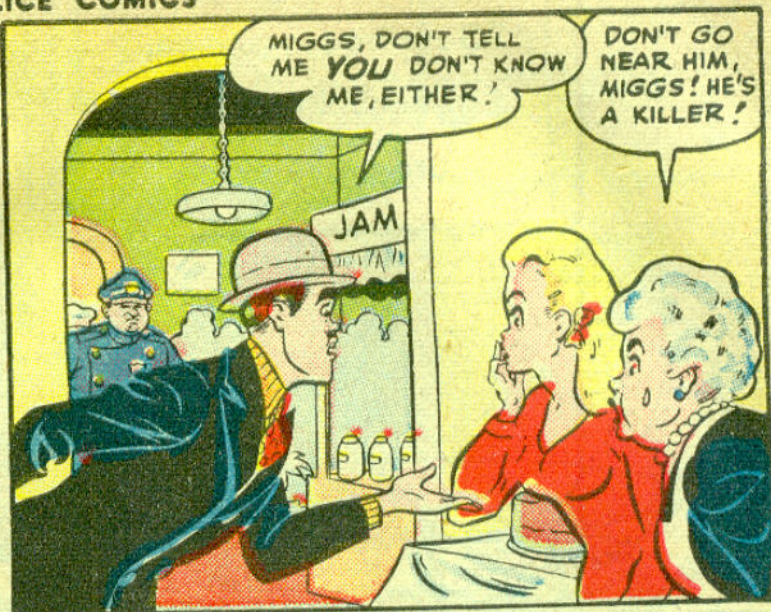


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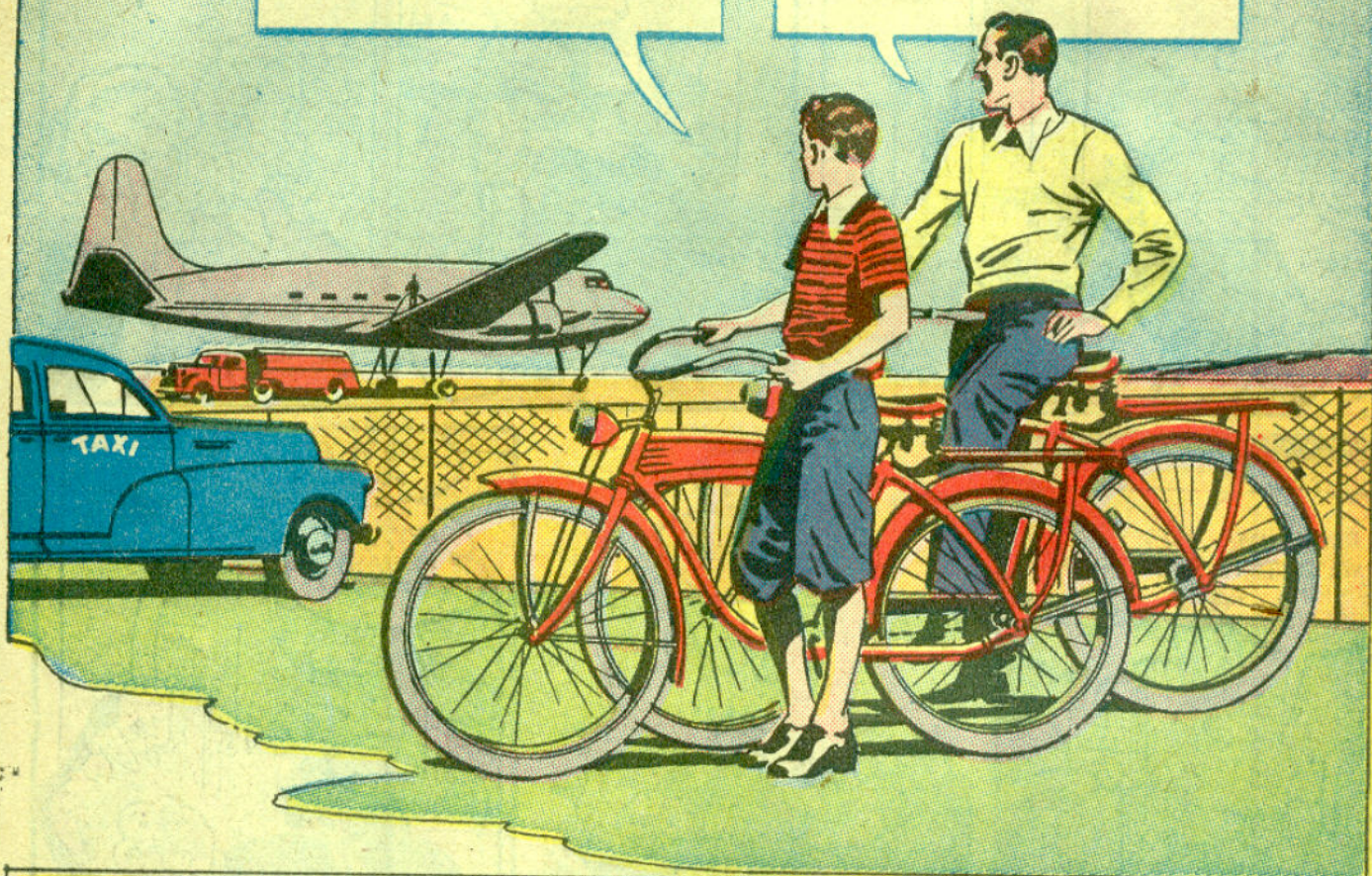


POLICE COMICS



"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of Air-
craft and Automotive use!"



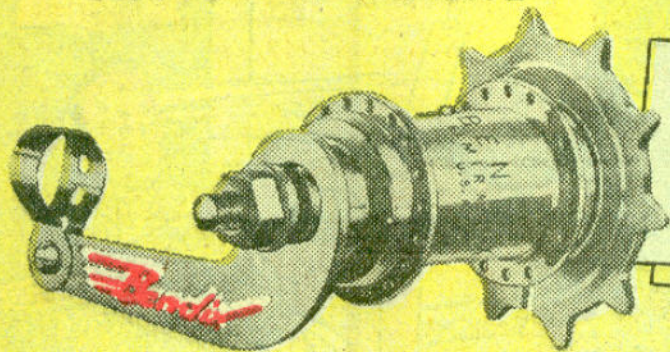
GET THE NEW

Bendix

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix* Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. *TRADEMARK

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

- ★ Easy to put together and take apart
- ★ Longer Life ★ Fewer Parts ★ Easier to Pedal
- ★ Stops Quicker ★ Coasts Longer

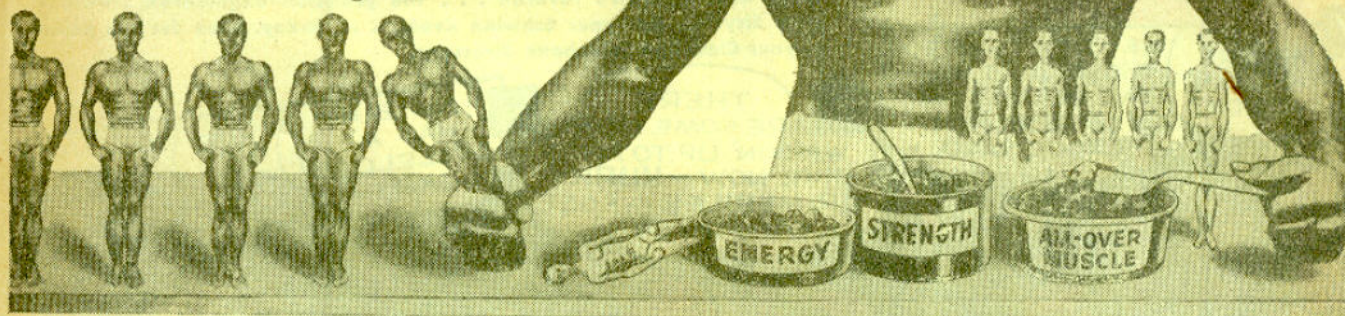
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of **Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION, ELMIRA, NEW YORK

What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, peepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE*!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple—those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over 2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 0000, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____
(Please print or write plainly)

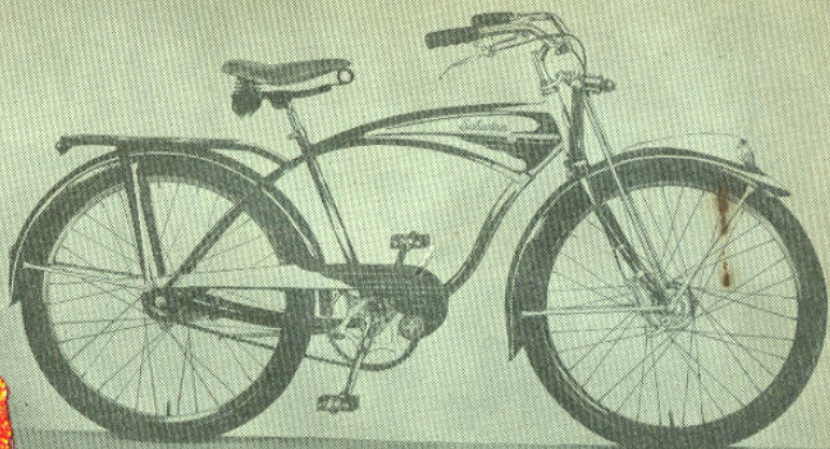
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City _____ Zone No. _____
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PACE IN
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One look tells you . . . you need a sparkling new Schwinn-Built Bicycle to outclass all the rest! Exclusively Schwinn-Built are such pace-setting features as Knee-Action Spring Fork for smoother, easier riding, Tubular Rims for greater strength with less weight, Forewheel Brake for trigger-quick stops, Built-In Kickstand for trouble-free parking, and Cyclelock for built-in theft-protection. Be out in front with America's favorite . . . the precision-engineered Schwinn-Built Bicycles. See your Schwinn dealer . . . today. Look for his name in your Classified Telephone Directory.



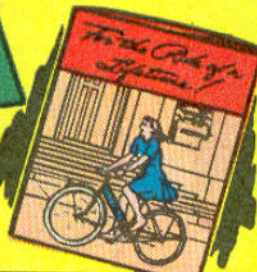
BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THE SCHWINN SEAL OF QUALITY ON THE FRAME BENEATH THE SADDLE

FREE!

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EXCITING MOVIE STAR—BICYCLE FOLDER

Just fill in the coupon, paste it on a penny postcard and mail. You'll get a thrilling full-color folder, filled with pictures of your favorite movie stars enjoying their Schwinn-Built Bicycles. Send for your copy . . . now!



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Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder.

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